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Men, Women and Books*

A NOISY NEIGHBOR

I AM READING Nietzsche and Tolstōi. Each tells me that the morality of the day is all wrong, and that he has discovered the one true way of salvation. Life, cries Nietzsche, strength, sunshine, beauty. Death, cries Tolstōi, abnegation, pity, holiness. 'Tis all as old as the hills, and withal so simple that one wonders why Nietzsche should have needed eleven volumes to say it in and Tolstōi endless pamphlets. I never can understand the lengths to which some authors go in self repetition. Half the books are written to prove that water is dry, and the other half that it's wet. If you would only stop and think just for one moment, cries Tolstōi, you would at once see what a ridiculous life you are leading and you would refuse to lead it any longer. Stop and think! Ay, but 'tis difficult thinking to-day. It will be all over and done with so long—by the time you read this—that the Triple Alliance may be in three pieces; but for the moment the complications of European politics alternately startle and depress my day with furious cannonades of honor from an Italian gunboat and brazen dronings of national anthems from a German band. For the young man whom Tolstōi has described as the most comic figure in Europe, coming to meet Umberto I. in Venice, inconsiderately stationed his yacht just outside my window; and though he is gone at last, *Gott sei gedankt*, the echoes of him still linger in irrelevant cannon-shots that send the pigeons scurrying in mad swoops, while, as if removed from the oppression of his presence, the band of the Hohenzollern plays London music-hall tunes all day long, commencing, significantly enough, with "Oh, Mr. Porter, what a funny man you are!" I never realized how international is our music-hall till I heard Italians staggering home at midnight, singing "Two lovely black eyes," in choice Venetian. A beautiful yacht, this Hohenzollern, as large as an Atlantic liner: I suppose an Imperial yacht is like an Imperial pint. 'Twas a great moment when it sailed in round a bend, slow and serene—a glorious white vessel, radiant with flags, stately and majestic in its movement as a sonnet of Milton, and about it a black swarm of gondolas, those of the noble families equipped with half a dozen gondoliers in green, yellow, or blue liveries, and at the stern of each boat a trail of silk. And the dense crowds huzzahed, and the band played "God save the Queen," only in German, so that it meant,

"Heil dir im Siegerkranz."

And after that came the Italian national air, which isn't an anthem but a quick march, and so lacks dignity. The "Wacht am Rhein" made a half-hearted effort to be present, but in the night we had the Emperor's own "Sang an Aegir"; stuck in the middle of a Wagner program. Beyond this, compliment could scarcely go. This brazen air was the one jar on the poetry of a spectacle possible only in Venice.

Imagine it! Wagner played on a floating fairy-pagoda, built as of gold flame, and shot with green and red, on the broad bosom of St. Mark's basin, in the divine night, the stars seen hanging diversely in free space, not stuck like gold-headed nails in a dark ceiling; and in the mystery of the darkness, the domes and spires and palaces of Venice, and the dim creeping boats, and the quivering reflections of the illuminated Imperial vessel; and across the narrow track of luminous water made by the Pagoda—that glittered with a fantastic splendor as of Aladdin and Arabian nights—sudden gondolas gliding from darkness to darkness, the beautiful curve of the prow sharply revealed, the gondolier growing semi-transparent and quivering with light, a strange half-

demoniac figure bestriding his black bark. And, mingled with the music, the hum of multitudes and the tramp of feet and the silence of the vast night. All as Nietzsche's poem on Venice hath it—"Gondeln, Lichter, Musik." Yes, they play politics prettily on the Grand Canal. Does it matter much what is the game? Cannons and color, bands and decorations, bread and circuses, emperors uncovering to us, beautiful queens waving dainty handkerchiefs—this is what lies behind the dry treatises of the history books. A few short weeks back we had been very angry with our King, and had talked of republics and what not. But the dead men in Abyssinia are dead, and we are alive, and the Bengal fire on the palaces is really very picturesque. If we would only stop and think—just for one moment! But there's the rub.

* * *

"STOP AND THINK"

It's no use stopping and thinking, unless everybody else will stop and think at the same time. For you cannot refuse to lead a life that everybody is leading, unless you are willing to be crushed by the revolutions of the social machinery. Socialists, for instance, are often twitted with not "behaving as sich." But socialists say that socialism should be the law of the land, they do not say that it is practicable for an odd man here and there to be a socialist in a world of individualists. Tolstōi, to be of effect, would have to move all mankind at once to renounce its ways, to abjure the lust of the eye and the pride of life. And he would have to keep on moving it, or back it would roll. Mazzini and the unification of Italy—what words to conjure with! But Mazzini is dead; and how much of Italy is alive? 'Tis more like a great show-place, supported by its visitors, than a real live country. Stop and think! 'Tis perhaps better not to think, for fear we should stop. William II., at any rate—he is not likely to stop and think. This young man—from all I have observed since he became my neighbor—lives a highly colored, dramatic existence, in which there are sixty minutes to every hour and sixty seconds to every minute, the sort of life that should have pleased Walter Pater. He must be a disciple of Nietzsche, a lover of the strong and the splendid, this German gentleman who is just off to Vienna to prance at the head of fifteen hundred horsemen. While he lived opposite me, it was all excursions and alarms. As a neighbor an emperor is distinctly noisy. The local comic paper suggested that, as a universal genius, Guglielmo II. would at once set about rowing a two-oared sandolo. But this difficult feat Guglielmo did not essay, being conveyed more comfortably in a long-boat by a brawny crew. Curious, by the way, that transformation of William! They announce plays here by G. Shakespeare, the divine Guglielmo.

* * *

THE IGNORANCE OF KINGS AND NOVELISTS

'Tis all very well for Guglielmo, the gondola of Avon, to invite us to sit on the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings, and in a city of departed Doges and lost glories 'tis easy to moralize over earthly greatness; but kings are not always dead, and I dare say as William II. in his cocked hat gazed from the quarter-deck of the Hohenzollern at the marvellous but untenanted Palace of the ancient Bridegrooms of the Sea, he felt that a living lion is better than a dead Doge. And yet 'tis a strange life, a king's. What an unreal universe of flags and cannons and phrases must monarchs inhabit! Do they think that the streets are always gay with streamers and bunting and triumphal arches, always thundrous with throats of men or guns, always impassable? Do they imagine their subjects pass all their lives in packed

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black masses, waving hats? Poor kings! I always class them with novelists for ignorance of real life. And to think that they can only get to know life from novels! If they would only stop and think! But even when they do stop, they never seem to think. There is Don Carlos, now, whom I miss in my afternoon stroll. The poor mock king had to leave Venice because his brother-sovereigns would not have called upon him. For Don Carlos still keeps up the form and style of a crowned head, and remains the last of the Bourbons, a picturesque ruin, reproach to a blasphemous generation, heedless of the divine right of kings. And the "divinity that doth hedge a king" can be kept up nowhere so cheaply as in Venice. Venice is the dress-coat of cities, making all men equal. Well might Wordsworth dub her "the eldest child of liberty!" For in the streets of Venice you cannot drive or ride—walk you must. No gleaming broughams, no spanking steeds: nothing—be you monarch or mendicant—but your two legs. 'Tis strange, in a land of no horses, to find Venetians styled "Cavalier" for title of honor. They should surely be called "Gondoliers." For the gondola is your only chance of display. Rich Americans may flaunt it with four gondoliers, and print Palazzo on their visiting-cards. But doctors and lawyers live in palaces, and even a moderate purse can keep a horseless carriage. And your St. Mark's Square, which is the largest drawing-room in the world, is also the most democratic. Ladies of quality jostle shawled street-walkers, a German sailor galls the kibe of a beautiful Browning duchess, officers with showy epaulettes glitter among respectable shopkeepers; helmeted cuirassiers, Austrian admirals, policemen with colored tufts like lamp-cleaners, German baronesses, bouncing *bonnes* with babies, garlic-scented working-men, American schoolgirls and kings in exile are mixed pell-mell, all in perfect freedom and equality, and, though in the shadow of St. Mark's Church, quite Christian. And an Italian crowd is also Christian in its freedom from crush. It does not turn a fête into a fight and a concourse into a competition. Thus, as the Prince Consort was amused to find we English said of our pleasure-parties, all "passes off well." Except when there is rain.

* * *

A COLD BATH FOR THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

And the heavens threw unmistakable cold water on the Triple Alliance. The day of the Emperor's stay was the one wet day Venice had known for months—so dank and chill, with so sooty a sky that my friend the artist, who had just been reading in the London paper that his work had not caught the glamor and the color of Venice, that the South had not yet revealed its passionate secrets to him, chuckled grimly. What is all this nonsense about an Italian hothouse? At Florence I was afraid of being snow-bound in the sunny South. For, long and heavily, though the London meteorologists registered sunshine,

"Cadeva del cielo la neve (Down from heaven fell the snow
Con tutta la sua quiete." With all its quietness.)

This perfect description of snowfall—which I found rudely chalked on the wall of a Venetian alley—could never have been conceived in the Italy of popular imagination. (The superstition about Italian sunshine is like that about Italian beauty. If the country about Florence is the loveliest in Europe, surely the plain of Lombardy around Padua is the ugliest—a land of symmetrical tree-stumps and stony villas flaunting themselves on the roadway in pompous publicity.) In Venice the Emperor seemed specially to irritate the elements. The illuminations were extinguished by a terrific torrent that sent the people pattering away into the black, starless night, gleaming with rain and fire; and to-night, when the Imperial band attempted to play "Sang an Aegir" again, the heavens fell, and audience and orchestra vanished in the twinkling of a gas-lamp, while the pavement of the piazza glittered golden as the façade of St. Mark's with dancing reflections, and the lights burnt blue in the wind. Yes, though

the papers next day said the Emperor's song was applauded enthusiastically, Jupiter Pluvius at least never plays the courtier, and Boreas must be a rude reminder to monarchs of their essential humanity. Come, let us sit on the ground and tell sad stories of the colds of kings. In the daylight I chanced upon a rough wooden platform, bordered with plush and surrounded by tawdry terraces of colored glass cups. This was the fairy, Aladdin-like Pagoda. And such, methinks, are kings, on closer acquaintance. How majestic seemed William II, and Humbert, the Kaiserin and Queen Margherita, when, massed in our thousands on the piazza, we clamored for a glimpse of them: how inaccessible and star-like when, after much exciting but irrelevant shadow pantomime, they actually appeared on the balcony of the palace, as if to feed us like the pigeons we had displaced! With what tumultuous rapture did we behold their faces! Stop and think! You cannot stop and think. Enthusiasm is a microbe, and is independent of its object: even so we could yawn over Punch and Judy, if the crowd assembled to yawn. Republicans who came to sneer remained to cheer.

"'Tis comic this,
And comic that,
And clown on royal pay,
But 'tis long live *unser Kaiser*!
When the band begins to play."

And humanity has need of leaders, heroes—'tis a primal instinct. The Jews had Jehovah Himself for sovereign, but nothing would content them but a real man king, who should rule them and judge them and go out before them in war. Kings were leaders once, but in modern days they are only symbols, just as flags are: the whole force of the nation is behind them, and they stand for home and country. This it is that gives them majesty and divinity. 'Tis a case of transformation of function, an old institution adapted to new uses, and valuable partly as giving color to life, partly for preventing the evils which Gibbon so pregnantly showed to be inseparable from any system of primacy not based on an immutable heredity. The trouble is when the flag wishes to order the march.

I. ZANGWILL.

Literature

"The Growth of British Policy"

An Historical Essay. By Sir John R. Seeley. 2 vols. Macmillan Co.

WHEN, IN JANUARY 1895, the author of "The Expansion of England" died, English historical science lost one of its ablest representatives. Sir John R. Seeley's life, as can be seen from the memoir prefixed by his friend Mr. Prothero to this posthumous work, was the uneventful one of a scholar and thinker, whose sole aim was the attainment of truth and its propagation for the welfare of his country. Mentally, Seeley was a sceptic; he took nothing for granted. His clear-cut, incisive mind was never at rest until accepted theories had been carefully sifted, and, if necessary, rejected. It was undoubtedly this characteristic that led to the formulation of his well-known, but not sufficiently appreciated, thesis as to the scope of history. Seeley recognized that history was barren, and he sought the causes of this condition. In making his diagnosis, he saw that the historian dealt with no definite object. The ordinary general history, containing the most eventful facts in the life of a people, whether they pertained to science, art, literature, politics, government, law, private institutions, private or public economy, led to no permanent result; it was interesting, and in a measure instructive, but not scientific. It led up to nothing, and only half explained a medley of individually important things. Herein Seeley found the cause of the sterility of history, because he saw distinctly that the historian, like all scientists, must write about a definite object, if he is to write clearly and in logical sequence, and is to get any permanent results from his work.

This definite object, Seeley said, was the state. Thus the historian proper should trace the development of the state,

of the politically organized society, and should eliminate from his studies anything that did not pertain to this end. In other words, he maintained, and very justly so, that every science, every art, every institution has its historical background; there is a history of private law, of art, of music, of literature, of astronomy, etc. But history proper is the history of the state, and the science that it complements is political science. Just as economic theory is based on past and present economic facts, so political science is based on history. To show their relation he wrote the following couplet:—

"History without political science has no fruit;
Political science without history has no root."

The history of a state can be viewed from two standpoints: attention can be directed either to its internal development, or to its relations with other states. The former is more usually called constitutional history, the latter international history, and it is to the latter that Seeley by preference devoted himself. The work before us is an account of the relations of England with other states, from the accession of Elizabeth to the opening of the eighteenth century. In a measure it forms a voluminous introduction to the author's famous work on the eighteenth century. In the Tudor period, Seeley finds the beginnings of England's foreign policy, thus bearing out our criticism of Prof. Burrows (*The Critic*, March 7, page 159), who maintained that England's policy is practically continuous from the days of Senlac on. In the Tudor period, the organization of the English state was the absolute monarchy, in which the political sovereignty is vested in the people, and the legal sovereignty in the monarch. The Tudor foreign policy was consequently dynastic, but, as Elizabeth was in close touch with the people, it was also national. When the Stuarts came to the throne, the situation of affairs was different. They were foreigners and by no means popular. Consequently the foreign policy of England, though still dynastic, was no longer national. The seventeenth century witnessed in constitutional development the gradual transfer of the legal sovereignty from the king to the House of Commons, and, reflexively, it also witnessed the change from a dynastic to a purely national policy. Just as after 1689 England assumed approximately its modern constitution, so in the same years it assumed its modern foreign policy based on colonial and commercial interests. This transition is the theme of the work, and at every moment stress is laid upon its vital importance.

Though full of new ideas and luminous interpretations of events, the book contains absolutely no new facts. In truth, like most of Seeley's work, this is not the result of documentary research. Though he was a mental sceptic, his scepticism only drove him to a re-examination of old theories, not to a careful study of the sources of the facts on which these theories were based. Such research was distasteful to him. His mind, imbued, as it were, with Platonic idealism, scorned facts, but as data for generalization. The facts were not realities in his eyes; only the theory connecting them was tangible and real. Thus he based his inductions on the well-ascertained facts of historical research. Such a standpoint is not very appropriate for extended treatment of a comparatively short period. The mind wearies of page after page of criticism, commentary and elucidation, and instinctively seeks rest in narrative. But in these 800 pages devoted to England's foreign policy during 150 years there is practically no narrative. The work will undoubtedly not be a popular one. "The Expansion of England" need not fear its younger brother. For the general reading public would object to an 800-page essay, even if it had had the advantage of a careful revision by so artistic a writer as Seeley. But unfortunately this work did not have that advantage, for, though it was in print before Seeley's death, we can still be certain that he would have cut out many of its wearisome repetitions, and would have shortened it considerably.

The popularity of a work of science is, however, absolutely no criterion of its absolute merits. In this case they are great. On this point no one's opinion is of more value than that of Samuel Rawson Gardiner, who has devoted his whole life to the study of English history during the seventeenth century. He considers it the "most valuable result" of Seeley's life. The great defect of the work is that its author has studied the foreign policy entirely apart from the internal development. To do so satisfactorily is impossible, since the former is merely the reflex of the latter. Thus he undoubtedly errs when he attributes the revolution of 1688 in the main to the foreign policy of Charles II. and James II. This attitude is in harmony with a general criticism that suggests itself. While we think that Seeley's view as to the scope of history will ultimately become the prevailing one, still it will not become so in the exact form indicated by him. For Seeley's political science is not sound and by no means up to the level of modern thought. His conception of the state is not a very broad, nor a very rigid one, and he at times confuses state and government, which is in a great measure to the detriment of the scientific value of his work.

"The Paget Papers"

Diplomatic and Other Correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, G. C. B., 1794-1807, with two Appendices, 1808 and 1821-1829. Arranged and edited by his son, the Right Hon. Sir Augustus B. Paget, G. C. B., with Notes by Mrs. J. R. Green and Twenty-four Portraits. Two Volumes. Longmans, Green & Co.

SIR AUGUSTUS PAGET professes to have had in mind especially the general reader in preparing for publication selections from his father's correspondence, but it must be said, further, that he has rendered to students of the Napoleonic era a very valuable service. So much has been written about the military activities of that period, that we are likely to forget the very fruitful field of diplomatic activities. Then, too, we have had the French points of view so often that there has grown up a positive need of records from original sources that tell the case of Europe against Napoleon. The editor has added but few comments to the letters. He protests that he has not wished to write history, but to show through their correspondence the characters of some of those who were engaged in making it during a very important crisis in the world's affairs, to point out something of the manner of conducting diplomatic relations then, and to present in part the real conditions within countries at one time or another in coalitions against France.

Sir Arthur Paget was born in January 1771, and bore the name of a very able and distinguished family. Although choosing diplomacy for his profession, he was employed in it only at intervals, and then in his younger years. The attractions of English country life, combined with the death of Pitt, turned him from a field for which he possessed high qualifications, and in which he had already rendered distinguished services. The social position enjoyed by the family brings into the letters considerable amusing information, and occasionally there is a scrap included simply for the interest of English sportsmen; but the real value of these volumes is not to be associated with personal life or inclinations. Sir Arthur was connected first with the Legation at St. Petersburg, from 1792 to 1794, when he became Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin. Later he represented his Britannic Majesty at the courts of Bavaria, Sicily, Vienna and the Dardanelles. At Berlin, though but twenty-three years of age, he conducted his work with such vigor and dignity as to win the congratulations and esteem of an old stager like St. Helens. Lord Malmesbury had succeeded in negotiating a treaty by which, in return of, or a subsidy of, 300,000*l.* down and monthly payments thereafter, the Prussians were to furnish 62,000 troops in the war against France. The problem for British ambassadors was to keep the Prussians to their engagements. The latter were involved in a war with the Poles at the time, and apparently felt no interest in war

against France, save the receipt of the subsidy, so it is not surprising that both Lord Malmesbury at headquarters on the Rhine and Mr. Paget in Berlin failed to accomplish their mission. Prussia's methods of doing business do not appear in an attractive light, the stupidity and absence of sincere, dignified procedure being surpassed only by similar conditions at courts to which Mr. Paget was sent later.

Following a few pages devoted to letters of his residence in England from 1795 to 1798, and to his membership in Parliament, is the correspondence that grew out of the mission to the court of the Elector. Mr. Paget's principal instructions were to induce the Bavarian government to join Austria and the Coalition against France. Here, again, his work appears to have been characterized by the most persevering energy. The Archduke Charles seconded his efforts; neither reason nor threats, however, moved the Bavarians. They pleaded want of money, but were given to understand plainly that their conduct in no sense warranted the expectation of a subsidy. Bavaria, like Prussia, showed sympathy with France, and Prussian sentiment among the people did not favor an alliance with Austria. In a letter to Lord Grenville, 30 Dec. 1798, the Ambassador expressed his confirmed opinion that "it is not the intention of this Government to afford such assistance to the common cause as the dignity and interest of the Elector demand, and such as his means would empower him to come forward with; that it is not their intention by the adoption of firm, vigorous and spirited measures to offend the French Directory; that it is, on the contrary, their intention and study to gain the good will of that Government." These letters all throw light on the real importance of the smaller courts, and upon the social and political disintegration that surrounded the rulers.

Then comes the mission as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of the Two Sicilies, the purpose of which was to persuade the King of Naples, who had fled to Palermo, to go back to Naples, conduct a strong administration, keep down the democratic elements and offer a stern resistance to the progress of the French. His Sicilian Majesty, however, had an idea that his head was safer in Palermo, and, spite of the strongest efforts of the British minister with the King's advisers, it proved absolutely impossible to induce Ferdinand to leave Palermo. Particular attention may be drawn to descriptions, given in the despatches, of the condition of the Kingdom of Naples, civil, military and religious, of the character of the King and Queen and the personal relations between them, and the state of the court and public administration.

On the close of his mission to Palermo, Mr. Paget was appointed to succeed Lord Minto at the court of Austria, where he was involved in all those questions that arose in consequence of Napoleon's attitude toward the Peace of Amiens, among them the interference of the First Consul in the affairs of Switzerland, the disposition to be made of the British occupation of Malta and the variety of difficulties connected with Austria's part in the Coalition and the war. There is not space to recapitulate even the most prominent events of those years and to detail the relation of the despatches thereto; but it should be said that the letters to and from the British Minister are a magazine of information on a lot of knotty problems, and, further, that the situation in Austria, either in regard to institutions or their administration, was not such as to weaken the pride of an Englishman in his own country. There was, to be sure, reason for hesitancy on the part of Austria alone in offending France, but a man who hated Napoleon as cordially as Paget did, saw no pardon for the manner in which minor rivalries or interests, combined with ministerial incapacity, prevented a thorough and combined opposition on the part of Europe as a whole. Sir Arthur's vigorous mind could not pass by the duties which he conceived Austria should perform, but which she was not likely to fulfil without some change among her officers. The interests of the Coalition

certainly did not suffer in his hands; at least, they did not lack, on occasion, direct and able presentation.

The mission to the Dardanelles, in 1807, arose in consequence of Napoleon's stirring up a war between Russia and Turkey, in order to divert from the western frontier some of the Russian forces. Great Britain being drawn into the war solely in the interest of Russia, Mr. Paget had in hand a double negotiation, "first, to endeavor to bring about peace not only between Great Britain and Turkey, but between Turkey and Russia; and, secondly, to negotiate with his Russian colleague, M. Pozzo di Borgo, in order to keep his demands upon the Porte within limits which might be consistent with the policy of the British Government." The result was not satisfactory, but the correspondence clearly reveals that it was through no lack of energy, determination and moderation on the side of the Minister. The letters tell scarcely a single attractive feature of the conditions under which an ambassador in those parts had then to live, or of the methods and character of the Turkish court.

We will not speak at any length of the various interesting letters, here and there throughout the volumes, that deal with purely personal matters; but those who wish to follow Mr. Paget in his family relations, in his intimacy with such distinguished figures as the Prince of Wales, in his own love-affairs and such other items, will find their tastes well served. Criticism should certainly not be given for including spices like these, but it may well be offered in connection with the fact that in two such handsomely printed and valuable books it is to be regretted that the aids in the way of index, table-of-contents, or marginal indications, are practically *nil*. The reader is turned into a maze of letters with scarcely any indication about the contents of each, save from whom and to whom it is written. But not for such reasons can the student of the Napoleonic era ignore the information thus finally presented.

William Watson's "Father of the Forest"

Stone & Kimball.

THIS SLENDER VOLUME contains more of worth than all the other books of English verse of the year put together, and if one were to compare its author's right to be named the first of living British poets with that of Mr. Swinburne on the basis of their Burns odes, the laurels would certainly go to Mr. Watson. The opening poem from which the collection takes its title, while it recalls Tennyson's "Talking Oak," is, nevertheless, distinctly the author's own, rich with beautiful imagery and grandeur of expression. In the "Hymn to the Sea," which, by the way, some reviewers have seemed to regard as a hymn of the sea, there is ample evidence of a master's hand. Its sureness of phrase, its deep and sonorous music and, above all, its imaginativeness and strength are so fine that one is impelled to name it perfect. For quotation from these poems we choose to select one of the two or three brief pieces. We do this because there has been so much said about Mr. Watson's lack of a lyrical gift, although one such lyric as "The First Skylark of Spring" was sufficient to refute these statements:—

"O like a Queen's her happy tread,
And like a Queen's her golden head!
But O, at last, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!

We wandered where the river gleamed
'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed.
A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
So proud, so pure, and free!

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing.
When from her lips her soul took wing;
The oaks forgot their pondering,
The pines their reverie.

And O, her happy queenly tread,
And O, her queenly golden head!
But O, her heart, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!"

Here is an exquisite song, ready for the musician. We shall let Mr. Watson himself close our notice of his book. It were impossible for anyone else to say better to his readers what is said in the following lines from the last poem, "Apologia":—

"For though of faulty and of erring walk,
I have not suffered aught in me of frail
To blur my song; I have not paid the world
The evil and the insolent courtesy
Of offering it my baseness for a gift."

So much for the London Verlaine-verse-makers—Symons, Wilde, Wratislaw, *et al.*:—

"And unto such as think all Art is cold,
All music unimpassioned, if it breathe
An ardour not of Eros' lips, and glow
With fire not caught from Aphrodite's breast,
Be it enough to say, that in Man's life
Is room for great emotions unbegot
Of dalliance and embracement, unbegot
Ev'n of the purer nuptials of the soul;
And one not pale of blood, to human touch
Not tardily responsive, yet may know
A deeper transport and a mightier thrill
That comes of commerce with mortality,
When, rapt from all relation with his kind,
All temporal and immediate circumstance,
In silence, in the visionary mood
That, flashing light on the dark deep, perceives
Order beyond this coil and errancy,
Isled from the fretful hour he stands alone
And hears the eternal movement, and beholds
Above him and around and at his feet
In million-billowed consentaneousness,
The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world.
Such moments, are they not the peaks of life?
Enough for me, if on these pages fall
The shadow of the summits, and an air
Not dim from human hearth-fires sometimes blow."

Thus nobly ends a noble poem in a noble book.

"The Daughter of a Stoic"

By Cornelia Atwood Pratt. Macmillan Co.

THE RARE QUALITY of Miss Pratt's occasional contributions to the magazines had hardly prepared us for the brilliancy of this novelette. Her short stories, clever as they are, have been almost uniformly painful in subject and pessimistic in tone. And even this longer one is not allowed to end as happily as it would have ended in the hands of a writer who took the world less seriously than she does. Yet the conclusion is felt to be perfectly natural, for Arria James, after all, was her mother's daughter; and the possibility that we have not seen the last of her emotional experiences is hopefully hinted at in the last chapter. The rather cheerless termination is more than atoned for, however, by the extraordinary brightness of dialogue, comment and description. From one end of the book to the other, there is not a superfluous word, nor an ill-chosen one; yet you never feel, as occasionally happens in reading a cleverly written tale, that the characters are talking for effect. The conversation is always spontaneous; and if it is uncommonly clever, Miss Pratt is only to be congratulated on having selected somewhat exceptional people as the protagonists of her comedy. Bright as they are, they are not too bright to be true; on the contrary, they are very real as well as very interesting. And their cleverness is thrown into high relief by the commonplaceness of the less important actors. The brightest person in the book is the author herself, who could doubtless write a story containing not a line of conversation without the reader's being conscious of the lack. In dialogue pure and simple, she need fear nothing from comparison with such masters of epigram as Anthony Hope and John Oliver Hobbes.

"The Daughter of a Stoic," her schooling finished, but with a yearning for post-graduate courses, a Ph. D. and a profes-

sorship, is persuaded by her aunt and uncle, her parents being dead, to spend a year with them before resuming her studies. From her mother, the stoic, she has learned—not to take life as it comes, to bear up under every blow, with Marcus Aurelius as her comforter,—but, on the contrary, to bend life to her own will. She has revolted from her mother's teachings. "It seemed to me very early that the way to be comfortable was not to say of bruises that they did not hurt, but to get no bruises. I thought I knew what I wanted then. I am sure I do now. I mean to be comfortable. I intend to enjoy. I will not be poor and miserable. I am not going to let life hurt me as it hurt her. In short, I propose to have a good time. Of course, I hope my ideas of what makes a good time are not cheap nor common." And, truth to tell, they are far otherwise. As it happens, they do not include any conception of the master-passion. Her cousin Florence, who reverences nothing, who insists that "you simply cannot make a gentlewoman of the last generation out of a nowadays girl," and who, priding herself on her freedom from illusions, has pinned her faith wholly on "a high-souled Pagan gentleman who—who satisfied me," suggests that love may call her where unhappiness is. The strenuousness of the speaker's tone causes a sense of vague discomfort, but she is confident of her strength to resist a call of this character. Being very pretty, as well as very bright, and having frankness and simplicity to boot, it is needless to say that her strength is speedily tested—and not once only, but several times. When the self-made millionaire with a passion for art expounds his aesthetic gospel to her, "Sefton is in clover," says Roderick Kirke to his *fiancée*, under his breath. "Your cousin is listening to him with her soul in her eyes. It is a long day since he has expounded his art ideas to such an auditor." "Yes, they are nice eyes. But Arria always listens as if she had never heard human speech before. It's a flattering habit she has." And Sefton falls an easy victim.

But we must leave Miss Pratt to tell how and when Love caught Arria herself in his net, and whether or no she succeeded in extricating herself.

"Jeanne d'Arc"

Her Life and Death. By Mrs. Oliphant. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ONLY THE OTHER DAY, in reviewing Mark Twain's characteristic narrative of the career of the Maid of Orleans, we had occasion to speak of the extent to which she has occupied the literary people of this century; and now comes Mrs. Oliphant with another study on the subject. It forms one of the Heroes of the Nations series, edited by Mr. Evelyn Abbott of Balliol—an excellent series, though framed on an eclectic system which brings together in the list such incongruous personages as Sir Philip Sidney, Cæsar and Wyclif, Cicero and Abraham Lincoln. Up to the present volume, all have been the work of living writers, but a compliment is paid to American letters by the announcement of Washington Irving's Life of Columbus for the next issue.

Mrs. Oliphant has dealt in sympathetic fashion with the Maid, though not in the manner of indiscriminate eulogy adopted by some of her predecessors. She frankly admits that Jeanne (as she prefers to call her) has long been a heroine of hers, yet this enthusiasm does not prevent her from taking a balanced and judicial view of the wonderful girl's career. In this connection, one of the most interesting parts of the book is that which deals with the theory that the commission given to Jeanne by her "voices" extended only to the raising of the siege of Orleans and the coronation of Charles at Rheims; and that "in continuing the war, she acted only as a well-inspired and honorable young soldier might, though no longer as the direct messenger of God." This hypothesis has the merit of explaining consistently, at more points than we have time to notice, the coincidence of the beginning of the Maid's failure with the very evening of the brilliant and triumphant ceremonial of the coronation, and the otherwise unaccountable presenti-

ment of disaster and defeat which seemed from that time to mingle with her consciousness. Throughout the book, in addition to the literal transcription of large portions of the trial which occupied so much of Mr. Clemens's story, Mrs. Oliphant shows a painstaking study of her authorities, both contemporary and modern. In particular does she seem to have consulted Mr. Andrew Lang (whose communications on a number of doubtful points frequently appear in foot-notes), and to have profited by his familiarity with the whole story.

It is a little amusing to note how, as a brother Scot, he strives to impress upon her that *they* are guiltless of Jeanne's blood, and how more than once she magnanimously refuses to take advantage of the exemption, in view of the present union of England and Scotland. In one point which will be new and interesting to many people, her nationality suggests a view rendered plausible by some words of the Maid's, that the St. Margaret who was one of the two celestial patrons of the whole enterprise was not the primitive martyr of Antioch, but the Queen of Scotland who was so popular a mediæval saint, and likely to be well known in France through the ties between the countries. We may notice, while on the subject of saints, that in the author's reference to Jeanne's canonization on the last page, she becomes entangled in the somewhat complicated process, and speaks of the concession of the title "Venerable Servant of God" as if it were equivalent to beatification, which is the succeeding step in the gradual exaltation. As a rule, however, both Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Clemens have attained a very respectable degree of accuracy in dealing with the spiritual and ecclesiastical ideas of the time, which must have been unfamiliar to both of them. The present book is valuable not only for its diligent historical study, but for the feminine intuition which makes the heroine very human and lifelike, if less statuesque and ideal than in some other presentations of what has now become a familiar character.

Two Stories by a New Writer

1. *A Clever Wife*. 2. *The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst*. By W. Pett Ridge. Harper & Bros.

IF AUTHORS only knew how much ink might profitably be left in their inkstands, what a host of grateful readers and reviewers would rise up and call them blessed! In spite of the fact that Mr. Ridge is clever and interesting, we cannot help wishing that he, too, had left his inkstand fuller when he wrote "A Clever Wife" (1). The tale concerns itself with the tears and smiles, the fears and wiles of a young man wedded to a clever woman who had written a successful book. For a season, the lady in the case, Mrs. Halliwell, practically Evadneized her poor husband—though not for the same excellent reason. With a great, aching void in his loving heart, he wandered in exile, as a war-artist, far from the wife he loved. No tender answering throb came to him from her ink-perverted heart. But at last her victories, like those of Pyrrhus, undid her. She wrote a second book, which was one too many, and the press, with its great iron hoof, trampled her in the dust.

Then she discovered, as they all do, that underneath she was a latent woman, and the proper amount of love welled up and submerged her literary citadel. So she wrote to her husband a blue-violet kind of a letter. Here the usual histrionic complications set in. Her husband was unable to get that letter until everybody had had as many day-fuls of misery as a novelist can comfortably manage. Finally, husband and wife met each other on a stairway provided by a kind and convenient brother-in-law. The making-up began at once, and continued with all the labial punctuations indispensable to such occasions, to the end of the volume, which is found two pages further on. There are several very clever sayings in this book. One of the best is Mrs. Halliwell's "that is what drives us into * * * and the book that no girl would care to see her mother reading."

"Mr. Staplehurst's Second Opportunity" is also its author's (2). Like his hero, too, he has not made so much of a success of it as he did of his first, if we may avail ourselves of those proscribed comparisons, which Dogberry says are "odorous." Nevertheless, this book would have been decidedly good, had it only been a

little better and condensed to one-half, or one-third, of its present volume. The fancy of the plot is particularly happy. Mr. Staplehurst, a successful author, finds himself sighing to the tune of "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight; make me a child again just for to-night." While he is thus occupied, he receives an urgent order from a periodical for an article, to be written for its next issue. Whereupon he composes a clever essay in which he attempts to prove that Jove and Juno have been slanderously traduced by a gossiping world. Hardly has he finished this disinterested brief, when he hears a ring at his telephone. After the usual exchange of courtesies, he discovers that the interlocutor at the other end of the wire is none other than Jove himself. The latter expresses himself highly gratified by Mr. Staplehurst's able defense of himself and his omnipotent consort, and, in token of his gratitude, offers to grant any wish he may make.

As Jove has overheard Mr. Staplehurst sighing for his lost youth, he offers him a life rebate, which the author finally accepts; and accordingly the Cloud-Compeller casts off the hero's years like a garment, and Mr. Staplehurst finds himself again an impecunious youth with all his laurels removed to a future conditional. But his second opportunity is very badly used. He disgraces himself in society and business, and barely escapes arrest by the aid of Jove, whom he importunes to give him back his former respectability, even with all it may entail of grey hairs and rheumatism. After a pro and con conference with Juno on the subject, Jove obligingly yields to his entreaty, and Mr. Staplehurst is restored to all his beatitudes, which are greatly enhanced by his new appreciation of them. In writing a book with a plot so crossed by suggestive side-tracks as this one, there is always danger that the reader will be "switching off," and reading between the lines, unless the lines are very much more interesting than any he can interpolate. And this, to tell the truth, is not invariably the case.

"A Truce"

And Other Stories. By Mrs. Tappan Wright. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MRS. WRIGHT possesses the qualities which should go to the making of novels rather than of short stories. A lively imagination leads her into the development of plots too complicated and dramatic for brief narration. In such work pathos has its legitimate place, but tragedy can only be employed by one so gifted that the world allows him to make his own rules. Intensity of passion is not within the scope of the short story, but Mrs. Wright never spares one's feelings. She tells us of separation, insane jealousy, horror—even murder,—until one begins to think that these emotions are as common as shells on the seashore. The misunderstandings and miseries of love seem to be her favorite subjects of contemplation; but the artistic handling of a trifling episode in such a way as to make it significant and memorable is at present out of her reach. Nevertheless, there are certain signs in this book which lead one to believe that such an achievement may not be permanently beyond her power. It will require a strong hand to curb her exuberant fancy and give her the reserve and concentration which she needs. And the question in regard to her future is whether she can gain this difficult self-control.

Even as it stands, the book is by no means uninteresting. The style is good, the plots show ingenuity, and in some instances Mrs. Wright has a clever way of not telling the whole story, of trusting the imagination of the reader to furnish the dénouement. Her best work is done in this vein. "A Portion of the Tempest" and "A Fragment of a Play, with a Chorus," are delightful in their dexterous originality. An unaccountable indifference to being overheard runs through them both, but that conduces to the benefit of the reader. The construction of the last story shows more humor than the other tales possess, and its character-drawing is clever. "A Truce" displays most clearly the merits and defects of the author's method. If it were to end with the close of the first part, it would be an effective, and even a brilliant, tale. But carried on, as it is, through accumulating horrors, it loses sharpness and *finesse*. Mrs. Wright has a firm hand in the painting of landscapes, though she sometimes finishes her pictures rather too carefully. The sea makes a sonorous accompaniment to most of her romances, especially to the one which contains something of the supernatural—too carefully explained, however, to be effectively weird. We are left with something to puzzle over, but it is not the right puzzle.

"The Way They Loved at Grimpat"

THERE IS a Gallic look about the name of the place in which the action of these sketches takes place. It is not, however, the phonetic equivalent of "grandpa," but a plain English village, with a Great House and all the other usual accessories, though, perhaps, the parsonage is less than commonly in evidence. The indications do not point conclusively to any particular district; the dialect is not pronounced enough, either, to fix the locality or to alarm the reader. The book is concerned with the love-affairs of eight different maidens; and the remaining story deals, not with the love of women, but with a pair of brothers, of whom the scapegrace shows a wonderful and unselfish devotion that redeems his follies. Two sketches, to continue our analysis, take us into the abodes of the upper classes, while the remainder are in the humbler walks of life, with one or two dapper, town-bred figures of the shopkeeping kind. The stories are well written, with a sort of quiet consistency that is pleasanter than attempts at brilliance which do not always "come off."

The author's name, E. Rentoul Esler, is ambiguous, but we are inclined to judge from internal evidence that the touch is feminine. A little more precision in character-drawing will perhaps come with experience, and will improve the next book; the personages of this are apt to be a little shadowy when we take our eyes from the page. One of the most distinct traits that lingers with us is the "plump" and "rotund" presence of Mrs. Hook, the malevolent mischief-maker who mars the girl's chances in the first tale; since Cassius set the type, this complacent portliness has the air of daring paradox. But, if the author has not yet fully evolved her individuals, she has at least a firm hold of the conditions among which they move, and of the generic results that should follow from the conditions. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Fiction

"AMONG THE FREAKS," by W. L. Alden, is a successful attempt in a difficult style of writing. Nothing is more dreary than a book which strives to be funny and only attains its aim at intervals; but Mr. Alden can be read through at a sitting without a feeling of excess. The excellence of the book, however, is not so much in the line of screaming farce, although many of the adventures which form part of the dime-museum manager's reminiscences are laughable enough. It lies rather in the quiet humor with which he has reproduced the views and sentiments of the assumed narrator. It is American humor, pure and simple, of that subtle and unexpected character which is so different from the English joke. You shall take a person devoid of the sense of that particular kind of humor, and have him read Mr. Alden's book from beginning to end without ever smiling at the right place. He will laugh outright at some of the more lively and moving incidents—the vengeance of Major Microbe, the dwarf, the Fat Woman's lamentable attempt at elopement, or the direful outcome of the Baby-show,—but he will miss some of the most enjoyable parts of the book. It will, however, as the author says, open a new world to most people, and prove a vivid revelation of how a portion of the other half lives. The manager is a beautifully consistent figure throughout, and a sharp scrutiny would fail to detect any untruth to the exact mental attitude and forms of speech which belong (outside of the more strictly professional details) to the class and the stage of education here depicted. We may add to our own commendation that a correspondent of one of the daily newspapers, the other day, was so much impressed by the story of the Marquesas Mermaid as to use it for an apologue to the address of a prominent presidential candidate. Internal evidence renders it altogether unlikely that Mr. Alden was the writer of the letter; and yet it gave no hint of having borrowed from one who has filled many other newspaper columns. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

ARCHAEOLOGY and adventure make nearly equal parts of Mr. Charles F. Lummis's tale of "The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú." American explorers, digging for relics of the ancient Peruvians, make the acquaintance of a fine old Peruvian gentleman, a descendant of a Conquistador, who is reduced by adverse fortune to dig in the same vast necropolis of Gran Chimú, for pelf. There is a legend of an enormous fish of gold, supposed to be buried somewhere in the ruins, and when appearances seem to indicate that Don Beltran has located the prize, various other diggers attempt, by force or wile, to deprive him of it. But his American friend, called "the Bullfighter" in honor of his bravery, gallantly comes to the rescue with fists, revolver and presence of mind—all

to no purpose, as a rascally legislature enacts an oppressive law regulating the sale of antiquities. The law, however, does not apply to such as are found on the discoverer's own property, and, as Don Beltran is the proprietor of a "pyramid," which he has saved the trouble of excavating by a highly remarkable thunderstorm, and which pans out gold idols in quantity, everything turns out happily for him in the end. The simple tale is told with a good deal of spirit, and there is one really amusing character, a half-breed boy, who would make a fit companion for Lazarillo de Tormes. The book is adorned with numerous drawings of idols and mummy wrappings, and with some striking illustrations by Mr. Henry Sandham. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

"WANDERING HEATH" is a plant that wanders only in the west of England. Its name is, on that account, borrowed by "Q" for a book of stories and sketches, which deal, as most of his work does, with the people and the scenery of the Delectable Duchy of Cornwall. "The Roll-call of the Reef" is an elaborately weird and fascinating ghost-story, such as might make the fortune of a Christmas number. "The Love Die-Hards" are a most delightful body of veterans, and Captain Pond, who remembers the terrors of the threatened French invasion, is worthy to train with Corporal Trim. At that time, feeling that it was all over with East Love, he "speaks them verses by royal Solomon—Wisdom two, six to nine: 'Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments, . . . let none of us go without his due part of our voluptuousness,'" and then went home and dined on "tatties and bacon." "Wrestlers" is a new tale of Troy Town; "Widdershins" is a bit of extravagant humor, excellent in its kind; and "The Captain from Bath" is such a gentleman of the road as only "Q" can draw nowadays. Lest readers should weary of the West Country (a most improbable thing), the author has inserted one tale of American life, "The Bishop of Eucalyptus"—an excellent story, and not lacking in true local color; but we grudge the room it takes. But, whether among miners and prospectors in a "busted" town in the Rockies, or on his native heath, "Q" does not know how to be wearisome. We can promise readers of this new book of his several happy half-hours. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE WORKS of the new Scottish school in fiction have been so widely diffused that there is no need to give a detailed description of the *genre* of any new contribution to the class. "Sunshine and Haar," by Gabriel Setoun, is a book which will come with a pleasant sense of familiarity to those who have read with avidity its popular forerunners. While the author's name is less current on the lips of men than that of Mr. Crockett or Mr. Ian MacLaren, those who wish to drink more deeply at the same spring need have no hesitation about opening the book which is before us. The local coloring (to anyone not minutely learned in Scottish topography) is substantially the same, although here we are among a mining class which offers some distinct features. There is the same dry humor, with which Dean Ramsay made us well acquainted years ago, and also the same beautiful simplicity and pathos which have of late conquered so many hearts. The book is a continuation of the author's first essay in the field, dealing still with the people of the town of BarnCraig, which gave its title to the former book. Half of it is made up of short stories of the epoch-making events in the little community—days of joy, the sunshine of the title, and days of sorrow, when, as it were, the cold sea-fog or *haar*, "coming up from the sea, hangs heavy about the melancholy street." The second half, under the general heading of "Lowrie and Linty," has a more intimate connection, being offered as a continuation of the sketch which told "What Santa Claus Brought to the Poet," and is particularly good. (Harper & Bros.)

IT IS THE MISFORTUNE and not the fault of a few new writers of real talent that their appearance should be made the occasion of a ridiculous row among quill-drivers of quite another species. That Mrs. Hinkson, Miss Barlow, Miss Macleod and some others of Irish or Scotch birth should have produced meritorious books has been enough to divide the scribblers referred to into two hostile camps of "Celts" and "anti-Celts"; which would be no great harm, but that their snarling may distract the attention of the public from work of a quality which is by no means common, just at present. One does not need to be Celt, Saxon, Jew or Dane to enjoy "An Isle in the Water," the latest volume of stories by Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan). They are of a dog and a

ghost, of a hero of the church militant, a mysterious rich woman, island champions and women and children—all short, pithy and of an original flavor. (Macmillan & Co.)—THE NEW EDITION of Thomas Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge," besides being ornamented by an etching of the main street of the little town, by H. Macbeth-Raeburn, at one end, and a map of the "Wessex" of Mr. Hardy's novels at the other, has a new preface by the author, in which he asks the reader to bear in mind the difference of the conditions of English life in the days of the Corn-Law agitation from those that prevail at present, and intimates that the changes made in the first English edition are here revoked, so that this may be said to be the best complete edition of the story as it was written. (Harper & Bros.)

AN ATTRACTIVELY printed volume, containing three of Mrs. Burton Harrison's shorter tales, is called "A Virginia Cousin, and Bar Harbor Tales." The story which contributes its name as the first part of the title is new; the other two, "Out of Season" and "On Frenchman's Bay," have already appeared elsewhere. All three are appropriate to the season, but we like the last one best: its plot is, perhaps, not absolutely novel, but it has certainly been treated in a novel way; and each of them has in full measure all the qualities that have made Mrs. Harrison's writings so popular. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)—J. F. MONTRESOR'S "The One Who Looked On" is only relatively successful. The heroine tells what she saw in the first person, and thus simplifies the study of the actors in the story so much that the interest becomes somewhat attenuated. Observant as she is, the girl must needs deal largely with externals, and suggest complexities of character and mind from without rather than analyze them from within. Therefore, the plot being of the simplest, the effort to make so long a story out of such simple materials, treated in so dangerously simple a manner, was bound not to succeed in all its details. Yet there is much that is excellent in these pages: genuine, heart-felt sympathy, pathos and a most life-like little boy with chivalrous soul and untamed pride. The little shaver's rebellion against his guardian, and his final surrender, are, in fact, by far the best parts of the book—better, we think, than the episode of the prodigal son; better, even, than the poetic love of the big, healthy man for the incurable little invalid on her couch. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"THE SINGING MOUSE STORIES," by E. Hough, are fanciful little tales, in the manner of "The Reveries of a Bachelor." When other visitors have gone, the singing mouse comes out of her hole to share the solitude of an old fisherman, and then he dreams of hunting and fishing adventures in the Rockies and on the prairies, and by the great lakes. He tells wondrous trout stories, prompted by his rod and tackle; and his old game-bag, hunting-coat and rifle suggest other tales, as marvellous in their way. Sometimes, too, the singing mouse discourses of Lake Belle Marie surrounded by black forests, of loggers' camps, of "How the Mountains Ate up the Plains," of the passing of the buffalo, and of the Red Men, and even of other races that had passed away before history began. The tales are prettily illustrated with little thumb-nail sketches in the margin, and make a charming little volume bound in green and gold. (Forest and Stream Pub. Co.)—"A BUBBLE FORTUNE," by Sarah Tytler, is a story of a fortune lost and a fortune inherited, with twenty years of life as a lawyer's clerk between the fortunes. And then, when everything seems secure, another claimant appears, and the second fortune is lost, to be regained again, of course, through the power of love. The story is rather amusing, and the character of the man who lost and won fortunes in such an utterly passive way, rather original. It should be added that the scene is laid in England. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—A QUITE different story of English country life is M. Hamilton's "A Self-denying Ordinance." The end may not seem quite fair to some readers, but has not an author some obligations to the title he has chosen? For the rest, the story is excellent reading, and the ultra-fast country-house set in which "the Prince" appears for a moment is described with much humor. It includes an amazingly frank young lady of the most advanced type, who smokes cigarettes, gambles, drinks and flirts, and takes delight in shocking good people. (D. Appleton & Co.)

IN HIS "Rivalries of Long and Short Codiac" (a title quite out of proportion to the size of the book), Mr. George Wharton Edwards has added another to the innumerable careful studies of provincial character which the past few years have produced, and which would all have to be blended together in a sort of "com-

posite photograph" before anything like a complete picture of American life could be attained. This time it is with the small islands which lie beyond the northeastern corner of Maine that we have to do; and very living and human are the islanders under Mr. Edwards's skillful treatment. If we have not a national type that should make us feel akin to them, yet human nature goes deeper still, and there is so much of it in the justice and the ex-roadmaster and the deacon and all the other rough, kindly folk of the two Codiacs, that we can take much pleasure in their company for the short time that we are asked to tarry with them. (Century Co.)—A TALE OF the days of Zwingli and the Swiss reformation is entitled "True to the End," by Henry S. Burrage, D.D. We do not know whether it is intended for the young, but we do know that it cannot harm even the tenderest intellect. (Am. Baptist Pub. Soc.)—A VOLUME of "Fables and Essays," by "John Bryan of Ohio," is one of the recent curiosities of literature. There is only one striking idea in the whole book—in the essay "On Woman." (New York: The Arts and Letters Co.)

SURELY, a more taking as well as a more exact title than that of "Stories by English Authors" might be found for a series that includes tales by Lover, Miss Barlow, John Banim and William Carleton. These writers, who are no more English, in any sense, than Mr. Howells or Mr. Cable, contribute four of six stories of Irish subjects in the series. The tales, fairly representative of their writers, have all been previously published, but are now reprinted by arrangement with the authors or their representatives. The best and most characteristic is "The Rival Dreamers," by John Banim. The oddity of the serial title is made all the more striking by the appearance of at least one volume by English authors only, in which are shown stories by Charles Reade, Thomas Hardy, Wilkie Collins and Anthony Hope. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—"IN THE LIFE OF us all there is a Cape of Storms," writes Mr. Percival Pollard, quoting "an unknown author." The hero of his novel, "A Cape of Storms," finds his tempestuous promontory in a woman. "Since that night, after a certain girl had told him to 'forget,' he had spared himself in nothing that had promised entertainment. With the old restraints completely cast to the winds, with nothing but studied recklessness as his Mentor, he had followed all the promptings of that epicureanism that he now feigned to consider the only philosophy." The "certain girl" for reasons of her own had done likewise. But, at the end, these two experienced mariners reach a safe haven and make one another, if not the reader, happy. (Chicago: The Echo.)

MR. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON has that first requisite of a story-writer, a prolific invention. His "Galloping Dick," a series of chapters from the life of a certain Richard Ryder, sometime gentleman of the road, is full of adventures, various, amusing, surprising, yet not beyond the limit of probability. The author appears to be a diligent student of the drama of the Restoration, and has caught something of both its freedom and its license in the use of words. The desire to be picturesque leads him at times to a looseness of expression bordering upon nonsense. It is the fault of many of our new writers. His "Man from Cornwall" has "tall, rough bones in his cheeks" and "cross-cut eyes"; his bishop's stomach "was arrogant with appetite" and his broad, calm face "rich with ample and luxurious wastes." But we must do Mr. Watson the justice to add that he seldom falls into that vein, and that it may perhaps be defended as characteristic of the narrator, who is no other than Galloping Dick himself. And then, the quandary into which the bishop has the misfortune to fall, the adventures of the hero in "The Lady's Chamber," the story of the capture of "The King's Treasure" are well-conceived, original and entertaining. (Stone & Kimball.)

"OAKLEIGH," by Ellen Douglas Deland, is an interesting story for young people, told in a fairly good style. By means of the usual number of tip-overs, by land and by water, unfounded suspicions and a little love at the close, the author manages to cover 233 pages in a very acceptable manner. There are several bulging morals and occasional twinkles in the book. Of the latter, perhaps the best is in the case of Betsey Trinkett, who had been "keeping company" with Silas Green for forty years. All that prevented the usual sequel to such campaigning was the fact that Silas could not give up the view from his house, while Betsey was equally determined that she couldn't give up hers. (Harper & Bros.)—IN OUR DAY it would be a grievous assurance to know

that the Roman poet's faith ("I shall not wholly die") might be realized in the case of eight-tenths of the authors whose only plea for temporary tolerance should be *omnis moriar*. We suggest the latter motto as a suitable one for "Ia," by Q. (Charles Scribner's Sons), and "The Red Spell," by Francis Gribble (F. A. Stokes Co.). "Ia" is a tale run into the well-worn grooves carved in "The Scarlet Letter," "The Silence of Dean Maitland" and "The Manxman." The heroine makes a bold dash and decoys a decorous parson out on the brine in a boat, where she coolly forces him to choose between herself and the open sea. The helpless minister capitulates, and the story proceeds through contagion and pestilence to its bleak and dreary end, adding yet another clerical victim to the Arthur Dimmesdale and Dean Maitland brotherhood. "The Red Spell" is only another spear of the literary grass that "to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven." Neither the plot nor the style can waken the least interest, and we part with the hero, in his pasteboard heroism, without a sigh for his fanatic valor, or a tear for the unreal damsel he leaves behind.

WE ARE GRATEFUL to Mr. Lang for the Allenized classification of the Woman who Did, Didn't, Could, Couldn't, Would, Wouldn't, Should and Shouldn't. The use of a table like this will save reviewers and readers considerable trouble by giving *multum in parvo* in intelligible form. The heroine of "Nobody's Fault," by Netta Syrett, is one of the women who didn't (run off with a man who could not be her legal husband), but she came so near doing it that she ought to have been ashamed of herself. Her father died very opportunely at the moment when she had decided to elope, and she abandoned her untoward purpose for her mother's sake. One can't get up a great deal of enthusiasm over her renunciation, however, when the cause of it seems so fortuitous. We have the same feeling toward her that we cherish toward the pseudo-heroine in "The Statue and the Bust." The story displays originality and is life-like, particularly in the chapters which describe the estrangement between a naturally refined daughter and her coarse-grained parents. (Roberts Bros.)—PEOPLE WHO LIKE to have a self-renunciating heroine carried off by the tide in the last chapter, will be happy over "In a Silent World," by the author of "Views of English Society," which is a pensively harrowing tale of a deaf-mute. The charming simplicity of the story, and the interlinear suggestions afforded by a deaf and dumb heroine, do much to atone for a great deal that the book lacks. The descriptions of nature are unusually sensitive in feeling and execution. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

UNDER THE enigmatical title of "Papier Mâché"—one of the sort which might mean anything and probably does,—Mr. Charles Allen has given us a story which has, both in conception and in expression, not a few elements too rare among the smaller works of fiction of to-day. Originality is not quite the word, though it comes to the point of the pen; for there is a good deal in the book which reminds us, at first unconsciously, of Mr. Meredith. And yet it would be saying too much to accuse its author, in any derogatory sense, of imitating his greater fellow-laborer. He gives the impression, rather (if we may venture so far into analysis), of having succeeded in looking at things in general somewhat from Mr. Meredith's point of view—which, it is obvious, is not that of the first comer,—and consequently in putting what he sees in fresh and unexpected ways. Unkind people will set it down as another consequence that it is difficult, after one reading, to give a clear account of the connection of events in the story. It will be enough to say that it opens with the inheritance of a famous violin, nothing less than a veritable "Strad," by an unsympathetic physician to whom title and estates have come by the same process, but only as an appendage to the fiddle. It is endowed, not he, by the whim of its original possessor in the family; if it disappears, away go lands and money with it. It does disappear mysteriously; and the rest of the book is taken up with the search for it over half the world by the next heir, an ardent youth, whose pursuit is complicated by romantic entanglements of a nature to have unlooked-for effects on the final destinies of both heir and violin. The book is distinctly worth reading for its own freshness and force; and Meredithians will find an additional interest in trying to determine its exact measure of indebtedness to their author. (Edward Arnold.)

"A STREET in Suburbia," by Edwin Pugh, is a collection of humorous, human and extremely entertaining short stories. The Street alluded to lies somewhere in the English country, no mat-

ter where, for these stories of things that happened there are not dependent upon local color for their interest: it is their human element that speaks so loudly for them. Its freshness and originality make this volume delightful. It does not simply start out with a good story, just to let you down afterwards with a feeling of wonderment that the person who wrote so good a thing should be capable of producing such poor things to go with it. The reader becomes interested at once in Jack Cotter, his courtship and his marriage. Having made up his mind to marry, he writes out a list of eligible women, and proposes to them in turn. The first one on the list unfortunately accepts him, and he is obliged to tell her that she must give him time to consider, that he did not expect so prompt an acceptance, and will have to think it over. The others all refuse him, so his mind is much relieved when a message comes from the first one telling him that she is ready to receive him if his mind is made up. She is a lonely old maid whose early youth was spent taking care of a drunken father and raising a host of younger brothers and sisters. All of them have grown up and left her, and her time has since been spent in reading novels. She had always been clean and wholesome, but the novels changed all that, and she began to neglect her household duties and to lie on sofas in greasy morning wrappers, without troubling to braid her hair or wash her hands. She degenerated after her marriage into a commonplace shrew, but Jack Cotter's friends could never tell whether it was her fault or his. At the wedding supper there were many toasts offered, the last of which was, "Gentlemen, our women. May they never grow old—or new." This story is charming, but not more so than the others. There is just enough dialect to give the talk additional spice, and, with so much that is human presenting itself in every aspect, one can scarcely put the book down before it is finished. (D. Appleton & Co.)

WHETHER THE AUTHOR of Ecclesiastes had Oliver Optic in mind, is one of the nuts, rich in meat of interrogation, for the Higher Criticism to crack; but while he lives there will be no end of the making of books. It must fairly be said of Mr. Adams that his pen-name is generally found connected with readable books, and we believe that the boys of to-day like to read his stories just as much as we used to, thirty years ago. If we are mistaken, it is because he has a tendency to load down his books with possibly an overplus of erudite information. In "Across India; or, Live Boys in the Far East," he tells in pleasant style about finding the longitude at sea, re-pictures the mutiny in India, chats about geography, monkeys, snakes, turbaned servants, animal-hospitals, the caves of Elephanta, jugglers and all the wonderful things of India. He always uses a vocabulary which young folks can understand and enjoy. Certainly, this book, which stands beyond the one hundredth on his list, is not the worst work that Oliver Optic has done. (Lee & Shepard.)—"YAN AND NOCHIE of Tappan Sea," by M. Carrie Hyde, is a children's tale of Dutch patriotism in the days of the Revolution, and of the part played by two Dutch children in the delivery from his enemies of a sturdy Dutch farmer. Another story by the same author, "Goostie," deals with the adventures of a German immigrant infant that is deposited by its slightly older brother in the garden of a wealthy widow. "Under the Stable Floor," also by this author, is a clever story of children, cats and mice and a Christmas tree. (Roberts Bros.)

TWO EXCELLENT army stories for boys are contained in "Trooper Ross and Signal Butte," by Capt. Charles King. Trooper Ross is the son of an army officer, born and raised at a Western frontier post, educated at West Point, where, however, he fails to graduate. He then enlists, becomes plain "Trooper Ross," and wins his spurs and his lieutenantancy in the field. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—How Tommy Toddles saw the wooden animals of his Noah's Ark walk away, how he followed them and fell in with a kind sheep and an ex-pirate, and how and whither they wandered; and also their later adventures as passengers in the real Noah's Ark, whither they were translated across the ages, this and much more is told in a story bearing Tommy's own name, told by Albert Lee, and illustrated by Peter S. Newell, known to fame as the originator of "Topsy-Turveys." (Harper & Bros.)—OLIVER BRIGHT's father having become involved in financial difficulties through misplaced confidence, Oliver himself starts for California to discover, if possible, the true state of affairs, and to unmask the villain. His adventures on the trip and the final outcome are told in "Oliver Bright's Search; or, The Mystery of a Mine." The story is by Edward Stratemeyer, and forms the second volume

of the Bound to Succeed Series. (Merriam Co.)—"CHARLES AND HIS LAMB," by Marshall Saunders, tells of a little tot and his pets. The story is adapted for doting maiden aunts rather than for children. (Philadelphia: Charles H. Banes.)—A MILITARY INSTITUTE is the scene of Kate Neely Festetis's "A Year at Dangerfield." There are cadets and teachers and their daughters, and a young man who is wrongfully suspected and hardly treated by fortune; and altogether the story is about all that can be asked of a book for the young. (Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.)

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MR. AUSTIN DOBSON complains bitterly of what he calls "one of the curiosities of modern criticism," in his introduction to the new edition of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice"—"a marked impatience of new prefaces to old books." If such impatience exists, it is indeed a curiosity, and the critic who does not gladly take a hint from Mr. Dobson whenever possible is another and a greater. Few readers of the story itself, we venture to say, will not turn with interest to his record of its author's life and work, his lively account of the little village of Steventon, where she was born, of her shadowy *affaires de cœur* and the spirited nonsense of her early literary attempts. He seems to regret the modernness of the book itself: there is no opportunity for the antiquarian annotator. But the critical reader will thank him more for what he does in pointing out the perennial beauties of the work, than he would for pages of small type about archaisms and topography, were there an opportunity therefor. The numerous and delightful illustrations are by Mr. Charles E. Brock. (Macmillan Co.)—A NEW EDITION of "Our Mutual Friend" is an exact reprint of the edition corrected by Dickens in 1869, but with a biographical and bibliographical introduction by Charles Dickens, the younger, which contains, among other curious matter, a letter of Dickens's to Marcus Stone, whose illustrations are reproduced in this edition, suggesting alterations in the sketch for the pictorial title-page; and another, a most characteristic answer to a Jewish lady who objected to the character of Fagin in "Oliver Twist" with such force that the invention of Mr. Riah was the not very happy result. The new edition makes a rather bulky volume of nearly 800 pages. (Macmillan Co.)

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THE NEW EDITION of Romances and Narratives by Daniel Defoe, the successive volumes of which we have noticed as they appeared, is now complete, and includes, it is probable, all of Defoe that the modern reader will care for. The new volumes contain "Roxana," and "A New Voyage Round the World," in which Defoe insists upon the advantages of the route, "never sailed before," followed by his English adventurers who passed themselves off as French when in French waters, and pretended to believe that Great Britain and Spain were at war when it suited them to capture a Spanish merchantman. "Due Preparations for the Plague," a characteristic production not unworthy to be compared with the "Journal of the Plague Year," is included for the first time in a collection of Defoe's works, though long acknowledged to be his. The series ends with "The King of the Pirates," "The Cartouchians in France," "The Life and Actions of John Wild" and other short narratives, collected in the sixteenth and last volume of the series. The illustrations, by Mr. J. B. Yeats, have many good qualities, not the least of which is that they really illustrate the stories, the artist having evidently been at pains, not merely to study costumes, but to put himself in sympathy with the author and his time. The introductions and notes by the editor, Mr. George A. Aitken, are full of curious matter, and the edition is in all respects worthy of a permanent place in any library. (Macmillan Co.)

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A VERY HANDSOME new library edition, from new plates, of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," with an excellent photographic portrait of Mark Twain, has just been published. It is now more than ten years since we read this masterpiece, and we have improved the opportunity of this new edition by reading it again, with even more zest and appreciation than before. Our English cousins consider the book Mr. Clemens's masterpiece, and *The Athenaeum* has declared it to be "one of the six greatest books published in America." It would probably be difficult to find many cultured people who have not read the story, but it would be even more difficult, we opine, to find many cultured people who do not desire to read it again. So here is speedy exhaustion to the new edition, and many after it, and long life and prosperity and our heartfelt gratitude to the author. (Harper & Bros.)—SAMUEL LOVER'S "Handy Andy," with an introduction by Charles Whib-

ley and illustrations by H. M. Brock, has been added to the series of Illustrated Standard Novels. Of the central figure of the story, Mr. Whibley says that "the foolish servant who ever leads his master into embarrassments is as old as Plautus, but Handy Andy is a foolish servant of a new type. He is the Irish bull in action; in the least of his escapades there is that element of contradiction which is the essence of Irish humor; and you recognize in Andy a countryman of the peerless Sir Boyle Roche." Of the book itself he says (and we heartily agree with him), that "you read [it] in childhood with delight, and re-read it in less impressionable years with a certain admiration." (Macmillan Co.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Shakespearian.—I was gratified to receive the number of this excellent magazine for May 15, because it begins a second volume, and shows that, though the periodical has entailed some pecuniary loss upon its editor and proprietor, Mr. A. H. Wall, for the first year of the venture—and a magazine rarely "pays" at first,—he has been encouraged to continue it for another year, in the hope that it may become remunerative. At present, I believe it is the only periodical on either side of the Atlantic exclusively devoted to Shakespeare. It needs only some 200 more subscribers to ensure its continuance after the second year. It is well worth the six shillings (about \$1.50) which it costs; and it ought to be easy to get the 200 subscribers among teachers, students, and readers of Shakespeare in this country alone. An American agency for it has now been established at Brentano's, 31 Union Square, New York, where further information may be obtained. Vol. I, may be had in strong and tasteful binding for seven shillings and sixpence, or post-free in this country for eight and sixpence. The number of copies being limited, early orders from librarians and others are necessary to secure the book.

This first number of Vol. II, continues Mr. Wall's interesting *Life of Shakespeare*, which has run through Vol. I; with an elaborate criticism of the theatrical performances in the Memorial Theatre at Stratford during the Birthday celebration; a very full report of Canon Ainger's admirable sermon at Holy Trinity Church in connection with the April festival; reports of other Birthday celebrations, at London, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Manchester, and elsewhere; articles on Hamlet and Macbeth, by Mrs. Stopes; and minor notes, correspondence, memoranda, etc.

Canon Ainger's sermon dwells particularly on Shakespeare as a great moral teacher. He believes that we can find "the man in the book," in spite of the "shallow criticism" which tells us that we "can never know a dramatic poet's real sentiments, because he places them in the mouths of the characters to whom they are appropriate." His women show beyond a doubt "what he revered as the ideal character of woman." In the treatment of life and conduct, "we are never left in doubt as to what side Shakespeare is on; he never juggles with the moral law, or sophisticates his reader's conscience; he never conceals his conviction that what men sow, that must they reap." The net result of his work is "to strengthen in us reverence for goodness and for whatever things are lovely and of good report"; and he who does this, "with whatever alloy of human sin and imperfection, does God's work in the world." We are "the better and the wiser because he was faithful to the great truths which God commissioned him to speak." This, to my thinking, is sound doctrine, and the Master of the Temple sets it forth most eloquently and impressively.

The Lounger

THE PLEASANT NEWS reaches me from London that Mr. and Mrs. James M. Barrie and Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll will sail from Liverpool for New York, by the *Campania*, on Sept. 26. They are coming largely for pleasure, but also on business of a private character—that is to say, not a lecturing-tour, or anything of the sort. They are to take rooms at the Holland House, and will live very quietly during their brief visit. I trust Mr. Barrie will give his innumerable admirers at least one opportunity of seeing him; and they will be not a little curious to see his "discoverer" also, who is one of the best-known editors and men-of-letters in London.

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THE LATE MR. PEABODY left a fund of \$3,500,000 for the education of the Southern blacks. That it has not been thrown away is evidenced by the culture to which some of its beneficiaries

have attained. Mr. Stevens, a colored delegate from Alabama to the Republican presidential convention this week, must have had a good deal of it spent on his education, or he could never have treated the currency question in these clear and cogent terms:—

"We ought to have a sound currency, an honest dollar, three in one and one in three. I favor both gold and silver, with malice toward none, to earth peace and goodwill towards all mankind. We ought to have a far-ramifying employment of the mineral wealth of our argent occident so far as is consistent with conscientious regard for ultimate valuations and coordinate circumstances basically considered and gently, firmly treated. If our platform shall declare some simple but potent principle as this, the ticket will elect itself without anybody voting for it."

* * *

A FEW WEEKS ago I alluded to the death, at the age of eighty-seven, of M. Hégér, Charlotte Brontë's teacher in Brussels, who played so important a part in her life, and in "Vilette." To-day



I reproduce his portrait from the *Tribune*. Till the end of his days, M. Hégér felt very bitterly towards Charlotte—a feeling that was shared by his wife, his family and his friends. They considered that Charlotte's use of him in her book had been prompted by a desire for revenge, because she considered that Mme. Hégér had been instrumental in cutting short her stay in Brussels. Charlotte Brontë has been at rest these many years; and now the man whom she unconsciously offended has followed her at last. But it is said that the hostile feeling against Charlotte still persists among certain excellent *Bruxellois*.

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IN AN ARTICLE on "Prices Paid to Authors," published a short time ago in *The Sun*, the writer says of Mrs. Humphry Ward's serial, "Sir George Tressady," now running in *The Century Magazine*, for the serial right of which \$18,000 is said to have been paid, that "large as the sum may seem at first thought, it is relatively small; it is much smaller than the other sums paid for the product of other literary workers. Thus Scott got \$40,000 for 'Woodstock,' and Moore got 3000 guineas for 'Lalla Rookh'; Anthony Trollope received in all \$350,000 for his various works, etc." \$40,000 is more than \$18,000, to be sure, but \$18,000 is not all that Mrs. Ward will receive for her serial. Take "Marcella," for instance. She was paid \$20,000 for the American book-rights, and more for the English rights, I believe, which would make her receipts for that one book over \$40,000. For "Sir George Tressady," serial and book-rights, she will probably be paid nearer \$60,000 than \$40,000.

* * *

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED that for the three novels—"Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve" and "Marcella"—she has been paid over \$200,000. Anthony Trollope, according to this writer, received \$350,000 for his various works. There are few more prolific writers than Anthony Trollope. I have just looked through the Harper catalogue, and find that seventeen books bear his name as author. To have been paid \$350,000 for seventeen books is not so great an achievement as to have been paid over \$200,000 for three books, the truth of which statement, I think, will be acknowledged by the writer of *The Sun's* interesting article.

* * *

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH has an article in the "Recreation" number of *The Independent*, which he calls "Journeying through Life, Let us Recreate by the Way." Every American should read this article, and every American should profit by it—that is, every American man or woman of business. Mr. Smith tells us that, notwithstanding the fact that he has always had to earn his living, he has spent a large part of his life in the pursuit of out-of-door enjoyment. He says:—"I began early to control my business and not to allow my business to control me—at least, to the extent of allowing me to take the amount of recreation I have referred to." On August 1 he starts out, no matter what business there may be on hand. Read this, ye desk-bound Americans, and see if you can do so without wishing that you had started out in life with some such rules for recreation as those of Mr. Smith's:—

"In Venice, where I generally spend sixty days, I have a gondola; in Holland I live in an open boat, having an old Dutchman for my compan-

ion. In Constantinople I pick up some bright dragoman that speaks English and the language of the country, and he goes around with me. During the time I am playing, I am not attending to business. When I am attending to business, I am not playing. But when the year is closed, I have had a large amount of enjoyment from it."

Mr. Smith does not add, however, what he might add, that his playing is profitable playing. If I remember rightly, he sold \$10,000 worth of Venetian sketches at the sale of one summer's work; and has he not made books and pictures of his Dutch and Turkish experiences that have found a rich market? It is not every American man of business who is merchant, author and artist combined. This is the combination which gives such zest to Mr. Smith's vacations. Who of us would not spend sixty days in a gondola, or live in an open boat in Holland, if we were going to make \$10,000 out of the materials collected during these delightful hours? I think, however, that Mr. Smith would take his vacations whether they were profitable or not, for he appreciates the necessity of a little play in the life of a business man. It is his good fortune, not his fault, that his vacations have such large pecuniary rewards.

* * *

IN THE SAME number the Rev. Dr. Henry S. Lunn tells of his "Coöperative Holidays for Clergymen." It seems that he was the inventor of this form of holiday, which was a great success in England, and which he tried to make a success in America. He spent \$2500 in advertising the scheme in this country, with the result that "eight women and one man came over to England in the City of Paris." This was rather a wet blanket, but Mr. Lunn did not spread it over the little band of Americans. He met the situation bravely. "These American ladies shall not return to America and say that we did not carry out what we had undertaken," he said to his partners. "We will go down to Westminster and engage the town hall for the lectures by du Maurier, Hawies and Besant." They had tickets printed which, he says, "we sent to all our good-looking friends and were successful in getting together a very respectable audience."

* * *

WHEN THE REPRESENTATIVES of the press came around inquiring, "What is this pilgrimage to the Old Country, and how many pilgrims are there?" Mr. Lunn told them that he preferred not to tell any figures and that they might draw their own conclusions. They were evidently much impressed, for the American pilgrims were the subject of leading articles in two daily papers the next day. No one discovered the truth until they came to Oxford, for Prof. Max Müller lectured to a crowded hall. But an Oxford paper sarcastically inquired, "Where are the nine?" It did not refer to a base-ball nine, but to the little band of pilgrims who went back to America, having enjoyed themselves immensely and thoroughly satisfied with the bargain they had made, and with a renewed admiration for the English pluck which enabled their entertainers to bear their losses with smiles.

* * *

MRS. RUTH MCENERY STUART is the subject of an interview by Mr. John D. Barry, published in *The Illustrated American*. Mrs. Stuart is a Southern woman, but she has lived for the past few years in New York. In her "chat" with Mr. Barry she told him that she turned to literature because she had to do something. "It is," she said, "the old story—the bread-and-butter question. At that time I had bread and butter, but I wanted jam, and by the time I had earned my jam, I had to work for bread and butter. Except for this necessity, I do not know that I should have begun to do any serious work." *The New Princeton Review*, which was edited by Prof. W. M. Sloane, and *Harper's Magazine*, were the two periodicals in which Mrs. Stuart's work first appeared. She told Mr. Barry that she cannot bind herself down to regular hours for work. She tries to write from nine to one, but does not always succeed in doing it, and a part of this time is taken up in thinking out the story. Mrs. Stuart lives in an apartment in East 27th Street, which has an advantage over more pretentious apartments in New York in that it has windows on all sides, and there is not a room which does not get sunlight and air. The desk at which Mrs. Stuart works is in a corner of her dining-room, by a long, low window looking towards the east. The window-seat is filled with plants and partially covered with vines, giving it a most attractive appearance. It is of itself an inspiration for an author, especially one who has been brought up amid country sights and scenes.

London Letter

THE IRISH LITERARY SOCIETY, which, under the presidency of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, fosters the new Celtic renaissance in literature and art, had a lively evening on Wednesday last. Mr. F. H. Trench read a lecture on the poetry of the venerable Mr. Aubrey de Vere, while Mr. Edmund Gosse—it is not very obvious why, for his sympathies are known not to be particularly Celtic—had been invited to take the chair. The lecture was rather long; and the Chairman, after an alert and animated commencement, was seen to decline in spirits, and to become, if not asleep, then something very like it. But he leaped to his feet when the lecture was over, and startled the audience by a frank statement of his own Saxon prejudices in literary matters, and his disapproval of their proceedings, tempering his satire meanwhile with many judicious compliments to individuals. At one moment it seemed as though the situation might grow embarrassing; but the Chairman's Saxon "levity" was taken in excellent part, and when he advised the Irish Society either to become "cosmopolitan," or else to write verses "exclusively in Erse," and told them that when Celts said "Homeric" they always really meant "Ossianic," the laughter was general and absolutely good-natured. One youthful leader of the movement was afterwards heard to say that Mr. Gosse always got off scot-free, because he "has such a way with 'um'"; but that Prof. Dowden would have been torn limb from limb for uttering such heresies. In the discussion which followed, Mr. W. B. Yeats—who is a born orator of the melancholy and impassioned order,—Mr. Ernest Rhys, Mr. G. A. Greene and several others of the more important writers of the new "Celtic" school took part and attacked the apparently impenitent Chairman with delightful vehemence and good temper. At length Mr. Barry O'Brien, the editor of *The Speaker*, after a moment's whispered colloquy, announced that a divine change had taken place in the Chairman, and that he was "rapidly becoming a Celt." This announcement was well received; and Lord Monteaigle and Mr. Alfred Percival Graves proceeded, in complimentary speeches, to thank Mr. Gosse for his presence. But Mr. Graves, in the course of his address, remarked:—"I believe I am not betraying a confidence, when I say—" "Oh, yes, you are!" interrupted the Chairman, sinking back in a paroxysm of mirth. A more than Celtic twilight of mystery then fell upon the audience, but nothing more was said, and the Irish Literary Society will now never know what it was that Mr. Graves had "determined to reveal."

Mr. Francis Gribble, one of the most promising of the younger school of novelists, has during the week given publicity to a very pretty quarrel between himself and *The Queen* newspaper. It would seem, according to Mr. Gribble's account, that an anonymous journalist who writes in the pages of that periodical a column of literary notes, signed "St. Barbe," had lately occasioned to review Mr. Gribble's latest story, "The Things that Matter." The reviewer found much to praise in the book, and concluded by saying that it was evidently a *roman à clef*, and that he ("St. Barbe") was conspicuously portrayed in its pages. Mr. Gribble at once wrote to deprecate the suggestion, and was met by a reply from the reviewer that the book would not have been worth notice (or words to that effect), but for the idea that its characters were drawn from life. Not unnaturally, Mr. Gribble is annoyed. How, he asks, can the value of any book be dependent upon the question whether it does, or does not, contain a portrait of this pseudonymous "St. Barbe," of whom I know nothing? Every self-respecting reviewer will sympathize with him, I think; the more so as this kind of thing is not so uncommon as one would imagine. There are rumors of several contemporary reviewers who contrive to make the occasion of their reviewing another man's book an opportunity for indirectly "puffing" their own productions; and, incredible as it may seem, there has even been an instance in the journalism of the last few months of a man reviewing his own book, and speaking of it with enthusiastic (and no doubt sincere) admiration. Where, I ask, is the "log-rolling" of last year compared with this gross and shameless manipulation?

To the casual paragraph-reader it might seem as though Mr. W. E. Henley's *Byron* were about to fall in line with that famous volume of poems by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton—perpetually announced, but never appearing. However, I understand that the first volume of the *Byron* is positively to come forth in a few weeks, and that, when we do see it, we shall find it the richer for the delay. At the same time, there is something to be said against a policy which seems more popular among publishers every week: the tendency, I mean, to announce forthcoming books

too far in advance. In order to forestall some rival, or lend light to a dull list, the publisher will include in his catalogue books which as yet exist only in the misty imagination of an editor; and the poor bookman lays by his five shillings net for the first volume, only to encounter repeated disappointment. Indeed, in the only petty bookseller's account in which I have any direct interest, this same *Byron* has stood "on order" now for three months of drought. The less persistent enthusiast, no doubt, would "strike it off the list," to the publisher's eventual inconvenience. The faithful meanwhile suffer, to satisfy the whim or "fit the wit" of the office-boy. There is room for better management here, I fancy.

Publishers are packing their bags with a view to a speedy emigration to Paris, where the great conference is to be held upon Monday week. The fact that most of them have booked their passages upon the Saturday can, of course, have no connection with that other fact—the fixing of the Grand Prix for Sunday, June 17. The man of business, abroad upon his own interests, could obviously spare no time for the frivolities of the race-course! Meanwhile, all the philanthropists who issue our poor productions at their own charges are talking loudly of what they will do for us as a result of their pleasant intercourse. May their efforts be as fortunate as they presage!

I believe that Mr. Ernest Rhys, whose admirable romance, "The Fiddler of Carne," has been universally praised by the press, will shortly put forth (or is at any rate contemplating the issue of) a volume of "Welsh Ballads," which, since they have his heart of hearts, should prove of uncommon charm. I will even add that I have seen one or two of them in manuscript, and am unfeignedly convinced of the fineness of their quality and of the manfulness of their spirit. By the bye, who does not wish that there were a little more of that same manfulness in the verse of the younger generation! Mr. Leonard Smithers, who seems to have set himself up as the patron of unwholesome literature, has just published a volume of verse by Mr. Ernest Dowson, which is gruesomely characteristic of the youthful talent gone rancid. Four years ago we all thought Mr. Dowson to be among the most promising of the newer bards. What a thousand pities that he should have declined upon a sort of bastard-classicism, united to the anæmic muse of the degenerate Gaul! Here is a feeble imitation of all that is worst in Catullus, without his charm, marred by the addition of the familiar graces of the *boulevard*. And underneath it all there is still a stratum of talent, a sense of melody, and a real felicity of phrase. I would have all these youths condemned to a course of the war-passages in "Maud," Mr. Henley's "Song of the Sword," Mr. Kipling's "English Flag" and Mr. Austin Dobson's "Ballad of the Armada"—for modern influence; with a background of Drayton and Percy for perspective. It would do them a world of good in the present, and might even bear its harvest in the future.

LONDON, 5 June 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Bibliographical Notes on the Bonapartes *

II. BOOKS ABOUT NAPOLEON III.

BARON IMBERT DE SAINT-AMAND of the French Foreign Office is the author of over fifty volumes of "anecdotic histories," whose central figures are the royal and imperial women of France. If not remarkably deep, these works are certainly exceedingly entertaining reading. Ten of them are devoted to members of Napoleon's family—Joséphine, Marie Louise and the Duke of Reichstadt. The same author is now going to enter the domains of the Second Empire, and is engaged at this moment on the last chapters of a work to be entitled "Louis Napoléon et Mademoiselle de Montijo," which begins with the birth of the future Emperor and ends with his marriage to Eugénie. The book will appear this year, simultaneously in French (Paris: Dentu) and in English (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

M. Fernand Giraudeau, who held a responsible position in the Department of the Interior during the Ollivier régime at the close of the Second Empire, is the author of one of the best studies of Napoleon III., written from the Bonapartist standpoint. He had not exhausted his stock of materials, and was contemplating further work in the same field, when the death of his wife, a few months ago, dealt him such a severe blow that it will be a long time before he will have the heart to take up his pen again.

M. Pierre de Lano, whose three volumes—"L'Impératrice Eugénie," "La Cour de Napoléon III." and "L'Empereur Na-

* See *The Critic* of May 30.

poléon III." (Paris: Havard)—caused considerable commotion in Bonapartist circles when they first appeared, still clings to the same period in his new volume, "L'Amour à Paris sous le Second Empire" (Paris: Empis), which, while it can scarcely be classed among historical works, paints, in a highly Parisian manner, a light *demi-mondain* side of the Second Empire, which must not be neglected if one would get an exact picture of that kaleidoscopic period in the life of modern France.

Some two years ago the grandson of Baron de Méneval, who was private secretary of Napoleon I., brought out three volumes of his grandfather's memoirs. Though he has nothing more to publish concerning the first Emperor, he contemplates preparing a work on Napoleon III., as he has in his possession quite a number of unedited letters written by Queen Hortense of Holland, and her son.

The Duke de Conegliano, ex-Deputy and ex-Chamberlain of the late Emperor, is engaged on a volume to be entitled "La Maison de Napoléon III.," which will do for the nephew what M. Masson's "Napoléon chez Lui" does for the uncle.

Calixte Souplet was one of the French republicans of Louis Philippe's reign who was on rather intimate terms with Louis Napoleon during the pretended democratic phase of the latter's life. Two years ago his grandson, M. Pierre Hachet-Souplet, issued a small book—"Louis Napoléon Prisonnier au Fort de Ham" (Paris: Dentu)—based on Calixte Souplet's unpublished papers, which throw some new light on the Ham episode. The same writer is now busy on another volume, which will treat of Louis Napoleon prior to 1848 and will present a portrait of him as he appeared to Calixte Souplet, from whose documents this new book, also, will be drawn. The chapter on the relations between the future Emperor and his father, ex-King Louis, will be sure to be badly received in the Bonapartist camp.

Last year M. Étienne Lamy, who played rather a conspicuous part in the early chambers of the present Republic, published a large and valuable volume of "Études sur le Second Empire" (Paris: Calmann Lévy), marked by a reaction against the violent attacks on Napoleon III. which followed the disasters of 1870. Since then M. Lamy has printed one or two review articles on the Bonapartes, and others will doubtless follow in the near future.

During the past winter M. Émile Ollivier has published, in periodicals, fragments of his forthcoming volume on the Second Empire, which is to be brought down to Sedan. He informs me that, when completed, it will form at least seven volumes, and I may add that it bids fair to be one of the most authoritative contributions to the history of Napoleon III. and his reign that has yet appeared.

PARIS, MAY 1896.

THEODORE STANTON.

Restoring the California Missions

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

You have been so kindly interested in the Landmarks Club that I venture to send you a little documentary evidence (in advance from the June number of *The Land of Sunshine*) of the fact that we are actually accomplishing a good deal. By the midsummer we will have spent about \$1500 at San Juan Capistrano—and, thanks to peculiar conditions, will have got about double our money's worth. This will roughly cover what needs to be done to this mission. Minor details we hope to see to every year; but we shall have guaranteed the preservation of every important building of San Juan for at least half a century—and everything but the remains of the stone church for at least a century. Barring, of course, some great catastrophe.

We have rebuilt two roofs like the one shown in these engravings; and are now about to re-roof the old adobe church—the original building by Junipero Serra, 1776. Walls and colonnades have been secured from falling, and 400 feet of the cloisters have been re-roofed—a necessity to protect the adobe buildings from rain. You will understand that this corridor roof is nowhere visible from below; the photos. are taken from the top of a wall. We will cover these planks with asphaltum, just as they were originally. In fact, our repairs are a precise following of the original, except that we must use sawed lumber in place of hewn. By September we hope to be able to turn our attention to a second mission—probably San Fernando.

The Club feels under special obligations to *The Critic* for its interest and helpfulness.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., 19 May 1896.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

"Sullenly" vs. "Suddenly" Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I have read with much interest and not a little perplexity two communications in your excellent journal regarding the disputed words in the lines of that noble poem, "The Burial of Sir John Moore,"

"And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing."

I write the lines as I have been accustomed to see them and to repeat them. It was a revelation to me to find, a few years ago, that anybody believed that the word in the second line should be "suddenly," not "sullenly." It is still more of a revelation to learn now, through your journal, that there are others, presumably good authorities, who insist on "suddenly." To my mind, "sullenly" adds notably to the battlefield picture, while "suddenly" adds nothing, but rather detracts, because it is useless to the sense. All firing is done suddenly, but only the "distant and random" kind would be done sullenly. The word "sullenly," it seems to me, is a finishing stroke, making strikingly lucid the idea that the poet had already sought to convey in the words "distant and random." The three words fit so well together to make a perfect whole, that to me it seems literary butchery to cut "sullenly" out and put "suddenly" in. I cannot see what meaning the latter word conveys to the minds of its advocates; nor what excuse, save that of metrical filling, there could be for its presence in the line. If it has no meaning and no good excuse for being there, why not give to the writer of that splendid poem the credit of having used the better word?

COLUMBUS, O., 19 May 1896.

OSMAN C. HOOPER.

The Fine Arts

The Calhoun Statue

A BRONZE STATUE of John C. Calhoun has just been cast in this city and shipped to Charleston, S. C., where it will be erected in one of the principal squares. It is twelve feet eight inches high,



and is by Mr. J. Massey Rhind, who has represented the statesman in his favorite attitude when making an address. The statue will be placed on a granite pedestal, forty feet high, at whose corners will be placed bronze palmetto trees. It is presented to the city of Charleston by a committee of Southern women. The accompanying illustration is from the *Tribune*.

Art Notes

PROF. THOMAS EGGLESTON of Columbia University has presented to Trinity Church a jewelled communion chalice, in memory of his wife. It is nine inches high, with a bowl four and three-eighths inches in diameter, and is fashioned almost entirely out of gems and their settings, the precious stones having been collected by Prof. Eggleston himself in different parts of the world, and worn by his wife during her lifetime. Prof. Eggleston is a mineralogist, and many of the stones are unique specimens.

—Romney's so-called Clifden picture, representing the two daughters of the fourth Duke of Marlborough as the sister arts, Music and Painting, has been sold in London for 10,500 guineas.

—The spring number of *Modern Art* contains an interesting discussion of "The Artist and Art Instruction in Public Schools," by John S. Clark and Douglas Volk. Mr. Clark's paper is a criticism of a recent pamphlet on the subject by Mr. Volk, who assumes that the methods of teaching art adopted in the studios of artists might be carried with advantage into the public schools. Mr. Volk, it seems to us, has the best of the argument. The leading article is an extract from a lecture by Mr. Carl Edelman on the Kelmescott Press and Mr. William Morris as a printer. Among the illustrations are photogravures after two portraits by Mr. J. W. Alexander, and after a drawing by Raphael, and a lithographic facsimile of a pencil sketch of Bruges, by C. H. Woodbury.

—Mr. Louis J. Rhead is exhibiting at St. Bride's Institute, London, a collection of his New York posters, which, English experts assert, is a revelation of the art of advertising with decorative effect. The designs will be exhibited, also, in Paris.

—The twenty-one designs for a small post-office and custom-house, made in competition for a scholarship in the American School of Architecture in Rome, are now on exhibition at the School of Architecture, Columbia University, No. 41 East Forty-ninth Street, where are shown, also, the drawings and designs made by the students in the course of regular work.

—The American Sculpture Society of New York has been incorporated at Albany. Its aim is to provide means and place for the frequent assembling of sculptors and students of sculpture for the discussion of matters appertaining to their art, to establish a life school in sculpture and to conduct public and private exhibitions of sculptured work—a field already well covered by the National Sculpture Society.

—In his little brochure on "The Illustration of Books," Mr. Joseph Pennell gives good practical descriptions of the methods of reproduction of drawings by wood-engraving, etching, the photo-mechanical processes and other means. (The Century Co.)

—Miss Elizabeth Gardner of Exeter, N. H., a well-known American artist living in Paris, is to marry her teacher, Bouguereau, on June 22. It is said that the engagement began nineteen years ago, but that the objections of M. Bouguereau's mother against an American daughter-in-law prevented the marriage until recently, when she died. M. Bouguereau is now seventy-two years old. The Paris Salon awarded a gold medal to Miss Gardner in 1887.

Education

Large Gifts to American Colleges

ON JUNE 6, we printed a number of letters from college presidents and others, stating the total amounts of the gifts and legacies received from various estates. We have since received letters from the Presidents of Boston University and De Pauw University; and have learned from an authoritative source that Princeton College and the Lawrenceville School have received from the late John C. Green and his estate about \$3,000,000. We are thus enabled to summarize, pretty completely, the information available in this connection.

George Peabody, various educational institutions, \$5,175,000.

Stephen Girard, Girard College, from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000; present value about \$15,000,000.

John D. Rockefeller, University of Chicago, \$7,426,000; Vassar College, \$100,000; Barnard College, \$25,000.

Miss Helen Culver, University of Chicago, \$1,025,000.

Leland Stanford, Leland Stanford Jr. University, \$2,500,000, besides buildings, equipment and some 90,000 acres of land in California; the total value of these gifts and bequests having been estimated in his lifetime at from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

Johns Hopkins, Johns Hopkins University, over \$3,000,000.

John C. Green, Princeton College and Lawrenceville School, \$3,000,000.

Anthony J. Drexel, Drexel Institute, over \$3,000,000.

Asa Packer, Lehigh University, 115 acres of land in South Bethlehem, Penn., and \$2,500,000.

Charles Pratt, Pratt Institute, \$2,700,000; Charles M. Pratt, \$40,000.

Leonard Case, Case School of Applied Science, \$2,000,000.

Henry W. Sage, Cornell University, \$1,170,000.

Cornelius Vanderbilt (deceased), Vanderbilt University, \$1,000,000; William H. Vanderbilt, \$460,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$40,000.

Peter Cooper, Cooper Union, \$1,064,046.26; members of his family, \$586,898.36.

Paul Tulane, Tulane University, \$1,050,000.

Seth Low, Columbia University, about \$1,000,000; Barnard College, \$10,000.

Washington C. De Pauw, De Pauw University, about \$1,000,000.

James Lick, University of California, Lick Observatory and cash; in all, about \$750,000.

Isaac Rich, Boston University, a little less than \$700,000.

Ezra Cornell, Cornell University, \$670,000.

J. Pierpont Morgan, New York Trade School, \$500,000.

Col. and Mrs. Richard T. Auchmuty, New York Trade School, land, buildings and equipment, valued at \$250,000; endowment, \$100,000; current expenses, \$60,000.

Educational Notes

A NEW COURSE on the evolution of the essay will be offered by Prof. Brander Matthews at Columbia. It will be for post-graduate students only, and will deal with the English essay of the eighteenth century as a definite form; its origins will be sought earlier in English literature, then in French, and finally in Latin and Greek. Later the course will consider the development of the essay in this century in Great Britain, the United States and France. Prof. Matthews will deliver an address to the National Educational Association at the Buffalo meeting this summer, on American literature. At the same convention Prof. Butler will speak on politics and education.

Dr. W. J. Rolfe will have charge of the department of English literature at the Amherst Summer School.

Mr. John S. Kennedy has purchased the Emmet collection of early American historical documents and presented it to the New York Public Library, of which he is a Trustee. The collection is the result of a lifetime, its former possessor, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, who was born in 1828, having laid its foundations when he was a mere boy. Among the treasures it contains are original MS. letters and other documents of very nearly every man in public life from the days of the Stamp Act to the close of Washington's Administration; an enlargement (in twenty volumes) of Sanderson's "Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence" and the official, engrossed copy of the first twelve amendments to the Constitution. The collection is at present in the Lenox Library.

Prof. James Taft Hatfield, Professor of German at Northwestern University, has accepted the same chair at Wesleyan University, Middletown.

A second-year course, in "library science and bibliography," will be given at the School of Library Training, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. Examinations will be held on Sept. 19; the course opens on Sept. 28. Through the kindness of Dr. John S. Billings, Director of the New York Public Library, and of Mr. Wilberforce Eames, the Lenox Librarian, the subjects of advanced cataloguing and bibliography will be pursued, under a competent instructor, by means of the collections of the Lenox Library. The lectures on "Books and Printing" will be given by Mr. Theodore L. DeVinne and Mr. Frank E. Hopkins of the DeVinne Press; those on "Binders and Binding" by Miss Nordhoff, a pupil of Cobden-Sanderson, and a practical binder; and the course on "Engraving and Early Reproductive Processes" by Mr. J. Frederick Hopkins, Director of the Department of Museums of Pratt Institute. Single lectures by other authorities on bibliographical subjects are projected.

Prof. Goldwin Smith has declined the degree of LL.D. offered to him by Toronto University. In his letter declining the honor he says that he had no idea that the conferring of an honorary degree would be mixed with political rancor, and that he will rest contented with his degree from Oxford University.

The presidency of the University of Rochester has been offered to Dr. Benjamin Ira Wheeler, Professor of Greek and Comparative Philology at Cornell. Dr. Wheeler is a graduate of Brown University, and a Ph.D. of the University of Heidelberg.

Prof. Egbert C. Smith has resigned from the presidency of Andover Theological Seminary, which he has held for eighteen years, on account of ill-health. He will be succeeded by Prof. George Harris Abbott, Professor of Christian Theology at Andover. President Smith's resignation recalls the charge of heresy brought against him, some years ago, on account of his liberalization of the teaching in the institution—a charge that was dropped, on investigation, by the Board of Visitors.

Vice-President John Clarence Lee of Lombard University has accepted the presidency of St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y. He is a graduate of St. Lawrence and Harvard, and has been connected with Lombard for twelve years. His inauguration will take place on June 23.

Prof. Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania has been invited to prepare for the Contemporary Science Series a volume on "The Study of Religion," dealing mainly with the methods involved in the historical and comparative investigation of religious phenomena. Through the generosity of Mr. M. A. Dropsie of Philadelphia, the University Library will obtain a complete set of the publications of the Société des Études Juives. The thirty-one volumes contain most valuable contributions to Biblical criticism and post-Biblical rabbinical literature.

At its annual meeting at Troy, on June 10, the Alumni Association of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute adopted a resolution urging the Trustees to appeal to the citizens of Troy, alumni, and friends, for an endowment fund of \$500,000.

Mr. W. C. McDonald of Montreal, already a munificent benefactor of McGill University, has promised to give nearly a million dollars to that institution, on condition that all exemption scholarships in the different faculties shall be abolished. In the early years of the University's existence, a person giving \$1000 received the right to a scholarship, an additional one being granted with each additional \$1000. These scholarships were worth about \$37, of which \$11 had to be paid by the University in fees. In the course of time the number of bursaries grew to such an extent as to prove a heavy drain upon the resources of the University. Mr. McDonald's condition will undoubtedly be carried out.

Mrs. Edwin Henry King, formerly of Montreal, who died recently at Monte Carlo, bequeathed 10,000*l.* to McGill University.

The Rev. Dr. R. B. Moore of Vineland, N. J., has authorized the Board of Directors of the New Jersey Training-school for Feeble-minded Children, at that place, to erect at his cost a \$10,000 cottage.

Mrs. Calvin S. Brice has cabled \$1000 to the Peabody Library fund of her alma mater, the Western Female Seminary of Oxford, O.

The graduating exercises of the Staten Island Academy were held on June 16, in the new building, the dedication of which to the service of education was not the least interesting part of the ceremonies. The speakers were Mr. William Winter, President of the Board of Trustees; principal Frederic E. Partington and Mr. John Foord of New York. The new building is situated in Stuyvesant Square, St. George.

The celebration of Lord Kelvin's fiftieth jubilee as Professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow University was begun in that city on June 15. William Thomson, Lord Kelvin, President of the Royal Society, was born in Belfast, in June 1824. He entered college at eleven, and graduated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, in 1845, as second wrangler, being immediately afterward elected to a fellowship. In the following year he was appointed to the post he still holds. On the successful completion of the Atlantic cable, in 1866, he was knighted and presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow. The degree of LL. D. was conferred on him by the universities of Dublin, Cambridge and Edinburgh, and that of D. C. L. by Oxford. He has been president of the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association five times, and was created first Lord Kelvin in 1893.

"A thoughtful gentleman has asked us," says the *New Haven Courier and Journal*, "what the next class that enters college will do about its number. The question is a perplexing one. Usually the class number consists of the last two figures of the number of the year of our Lord, with an apostrophe before them. In this way easy and euphonious shouting can be done for '96, '97,

'98, or '99. These numbers can also be 'drunk down' with ease and despatch. But if the usual custom were to be followed, what could be done with '00?'"

Prof. Gabriel Auguste Daubrée, who died in Paris on May 29, was born in Metz, 25 June 1814. He was a member of the Académie des Sciences and Director of the School of Mines, and wrote more than 3000 monographs on geological, mineralogical and allied subjects.

"Graduate Courses" for 1896-97, covering twenty-three of the leading colleges and universities in this country, has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

Messrs. Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa., publishers of the textbooks of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, announce for early publication the following volumes, constituting the Chautauqua course of reading for the French-Greek year, 1896-97: "The Growth of the French Nation," by Prof. George B. Adams of Yale; "French Traits," by W. C. Brownell; "A Study of the Sky," by Prof. H. A. Howe, Director of Chamberlin Observatory, University of Denver; "A Survey of Greek Civilization," by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy; and "A History of Greek Art," by Prof. Frank B. Tarbell of the University of Chicago. With the exception of Mr. Brownell's "French Traits," these volumes have been specially prepared for the Chautauqua Circle.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, announce for immediate issue Shakespeare's "Henry V.," in the Arden Series.

Mr. William R. Jenkins announces for early publication "A Brief Italian Grammar," with exercises, by A. Hjalmar Edgren; "An Elementary French Grammar," by Chas. P. Du Croquet; and "Premières Lectures," by "Veteran."

A table of statistics of school savings-banks in the United States for the year ending 16 March, 1896, compiled by Mr. J. H. Thiry of Long Island City, shows that at that time there were 1579 such banks, with 30,921 depositors, and deposits amounting to \$157,164.16.

The annual report of the President of the American Museum of Natural History, which has just been issued, contains, also, the act of incorporation, the contract with the Department of Public Parks, the constitution and by-laws, and a list of members for the year 1895.

Notes

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. are calling special attention to "Yekl: A Tale of the New York Ghetto," a forthcoming work of fiction in which Mr. Abram Cahan breaks virtually new ground.

—The New Amsterdam Book Co. announces the following books for summer reading:—"A Stable for Nightmares; or, Weird Tales," by Sheridan Le Fanu; "The Shadow of Hilton Fernbrook," a romance of Maori land, by Atha Westbrook; "An Adirondack Romance," by Caroline Washburn Rockwood, and new editions of W. Clark Russell's "An Ocean Free Lance," illustrated by Harry L. V. Parkhurst, and "The Copsford Mystery."

—Messrs. Arnold & Co., Philadelphia, have in press "Not Without Honor," a novel, by William D. Moffat, whose name is already well known to readers of a smaller growth.

—Mme. Cora di Brazza requests us to state that her forthcoming book, "A Literary Farce," will be published this month by the Arena Pub. Co., not by Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., as originally announced. It will be followed in the autumn by "The American Idyl," a romance of the Sierra Madre mountains, from the same pen.

—"The Reason Why: A Story of Fact and Fiction," by Ernest E. Russell, editor of *Public Opinion*, will shortly be published. It is said to be distinctly a "purpose" novel, and decidedly radical.

—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press "Camping in the Canadian Rockies," by Walter D. Wilcox, being an account of excursions and explorations in the country near Banff and Lake Louise, and in the Selkirk Range. Mr. Wilcox gives the main features of the geology, botany, fauna and climatic conditions of the mountains.

—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's birthday, on June 14, was remembered quietly by her innumerable friends. She is in feeble health, but is seen daily in pleasant weather sitting on the piazza of her house in Hartford, Conn.

—The Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke will not go to the Black Forest for the summer, as announced in last week's *Critic*. The precarious health of Dr. van Dyke's mother has made a change of plan imperative. He will spend the summer with his family at the Forest Hill Lodge, Franconia, in the White Mountains, and will camp in Canada in September, as usual.

—The Rev. O. C. Auringer of Troy, N. Y., will spend the month of August at his country home, at Grant, N. Y. His fourth book of poems, "The Book of the Hills," is in the hands of the publisher.

—Recent advices from Honolulu state that the attack of pneumonia of which Miss Kate Field died unexpectedly on May 19, was principally caused by the overtaking of her strength in a series of fatiguing rides over difficult trails in Hawaii. She began to feel ill on May 13, at Kalaua, whence she was removed by steamer to Honolulu, where she arrived just in time to die among friends. The funeral services took place on May 20, at the Central Union Church, President Dole and the members of his cabinet attending. The coffin was deposited in the family vault of Mr. John H. Patey, awaiting orders from home. At the time of Miss Field's departure for the islands, a paper on the Pacific coast published a statement to the effect that she had said that, if she died in Hawaii, she wished her body to be taken back to the United States and buried by the side of John Brown, at North Elba, N. Y.

—Ernesto Rossi, the well-known Italian actor, died at Pescara, on June 4. He was born in Leghorn in 1829, and visited this country during the season of 1881-2.

—Frank Mayo, the actor, who died suddenly on a railroad train in the West, on June 8, was born in Boston in 1839. He played leading parts with Booth in 1865, but practically spoiled his career with the successful "Davy Crockett," becoming a "one-part" actor. At the time of his death he was playing in his own version of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

—Capt. John Gregory Bourke, Third Cavalry, U. S. A., who died in Philadelphia on June 8, from the effects of an operation, was born in Pennsylvania, in 1846. He was a brilliant soldier, a member of scientific societies in this country, France and England, and a well-known writer on anthropology and folk-lore. At the time of his death he was President of the American Folk-Lore Society. His works are "On the Border with Crook," "An Apache Campaign," "The Snake Dance of the Moquis" and a number of monographs, the most valuable of the latter being that upon the medicine-men of the Apaches, published by the Smithsonian Institution.

—It is proposed to place a memorial to the late Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Kelloe Church, Durham, where she was baptized. A marble slab has been placed upon the house in which she died in Florence.

—The Field monument committee has, with the coöperation of Mrs. Field and a number of artists, prepared a little book to be sold in aid of its undertaking. The book is called "Field Flowers," and is a brief anthology of poems by Eugene Field, each poem being accompanied by an illustration contributed by an artist. The cover has been specially designed by Mr. Stanford White. The book is "to be printed from the most perfect plates, upon enamelled cardboard; to be artistically perfect in workmanship." It is to be circulated by the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund, 180 Monroe Street, Chicago, at \$1 per copy. The proceeds will be divided between Field's family and the monument fund.

—In the current *Revue de Paris*, Mr. Henry HARRISSE disproves the story that the Abbé Prévost was killed in 1763 by being dissected while in a trance. This story was invented nineteen years after Prévost's death. Mr. HARRISSE shows that he really died suddenly while on his way from a monastery to his home.

—The scheme for placing in the Chelsea Public Library the statuette of Sir Thomas More by Herr Ludwig CAUER of Berlin, which was exhibited at last year's Academy, has been well supported. Amongst the subscribers are the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Teynham, Lord St. Oswald, Lord Arundell of Wardour, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice and many other noble lords and commoners.

—Mr. James PAYN has been succeeded by Mr. J. St. Loë STRACHEY in the editorial chair of *Cornhill*. The first number under the new management (for July) will contain an article by Mrs. Anne Thackeray RITCHIE on "The Old *Cornhill*"—the *Cornhill* of Thackeray.

—Mrs. Mary B. CLAFLIN, who died suddenly at Whitinsville, Mass., on June 13, was the author of "Brampton Sketches," "Personal Recollections of John G. Whittier," "Real Happenings" and "Under the Old Elms." In the last-named book she recorded her reminiscences of the many distinguished guests she had entertained at The Old Elms, her home at Newton, Mass., among them being Henry Ward Beecher and his famous sister, Dr. Holmes, the Rev. Newman Hall, Henry Drummond, John G. Whittier and Dr. Samuel F. Smith.

—The July number of *Harper's Magazine* will contain an article on "Literary Landmarks of Venice," by Laurence HUTTON, with illustrations by Frank V. Du Mond, including the houses in which lived Petrarch, Byron and Browning.

—Mme. Blanc, who visited us two or three years ago, will contribute to the July *Scribner's* a paper on Joseph MILSAND, the French philosopher, who was an intimate friend of Browning's. On one side MILSAND's ancestors were Americans. The article will contain a number of very interesting letters from Browning.

—"I wish to call your attention," writes Mr. D. K. DODGE from Champaign, Ill., "to an article on Hall Caine in the Christmas number of *McClure's*, which throws light on Mr. Waugh's reference to possible new lives of Christ, as regards Hall Caine, at least. On page 32, Mr. Caine is quoted as follows:—'I did nothing in that year (1890) beyond a hasty "Life of Christ," which has never been printed.' He adds that he was not satisfied with the book, and recently refused an offer of 3000*l.* for the manuscript. Possibly the statement of *The Bookman* is warranted by the fulfilment of Mr. Caine's hope, expressed in the same article, 'to rewrite it some day.'"

—The first book-trade dinner in Chicago took place last night, at the Chicago Athletic Association. Mr. August ECKLE was the guest of the evening.

—Mr. Gladstone has suspended for a while his philosophical studies, in order to give to the public in greater detail, through *The Nineteenth Century*, what he has stated privately about Mr. Fraser Rae's biography of Sheridan and about Sheridan himself, in whom he has always taken a keen interest.

—The prices paid for Grolier Club publications at Messrs. Bangs & Co.'s auction sale on June 8-10, were:—"Peg Woffington," \$40; "Christopher Plantin," \$15.50; "Modern Bookbinding," \$17.50; "Areopagitica," \$18; "Washington Irving," \$18; "Barons of the Potomack," \$15; "Catalogue of Illuminated and Painted MSS.," etc., \$4; "Catalogue of Original and Early Editions," etc., \$12; "Laws and Acts of General Assembly," \$39.25; "Early American Book Plates," \$9; "Transactions of Grolier Club," Part II., \$4; "Early Printed Books Owned by Grolier Club," \$4.50; "Catalogue of Books from the Libraries or Collections of Celebrated Bibliophiles," etc., \$5.50; "Engraved Work of Asher B. Durand," \$1.12, 65 cents.

—Mrs. Alice WELLINGTON ROLLINS has collected a little volume of her "Aphorisms for the Year" from the pages of *The Century*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Weekly* and *Basar*, *The Cosmopolitan* and many other periodicals, and from her own books, "The Ring of Amethyst" and "From Palm to Glacier." It is published by the author, at Bronxville, N. Y., and has been printed by Messrs. J. J. Little & Co. of this city.

Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question always give its number.

ANSWERS

1801.—According to Paul Leicester FORD's "Check-List of American Magazines printed in the Eighteenth Century," eight volumes of the *New York Magazine*, or *Literary Repository*, were published, Jan. 1790—Dec. 1797. The Newberry Library contains volumes II.—V.

NEWBERRY LIBRARY, Chicago, Ill.

BESS M. MYERS.

1811.—The Hon. Mrs. Norton is supposed to be the heroine of "Diana of the Crossways." Numerous mentions of her are to be found in the memoirs of the last generation—notably Lord Malmesbury's and the books of Frances Anne Kemble. See, also, Lord Dufferin's sketch of his mother, Lady Gifford.

PHILADELPHIA.

A. M. L.

QUESTIONS

1814.—What port on Lake Como is meant by Tennyson in "The Daisy" :—

"To that fair port below the castle
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept"?

As he was bound for the Splügen pass, the natural stopping-place would be Colico, but no castle overlooking the town—or any other town on the lake, for that matter—is mentioned in the guide-books or descriptions of the lake which I have seen.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

R.

1815.—I was told, years ago, on what I considered good authority, that in naming "The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich," Clough was made the victim of a wicked joke, the last word having an indecent meaning. He therefore changed it to "Vuolich" in subsequent editions. Can any reader of *The Critic* say whether this is true?

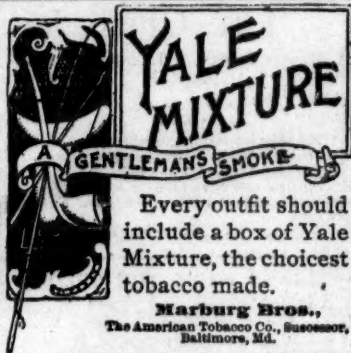
BOSTON, MASS.

R. J.

Publications Received

Alice de Beaupre. Tr. by I. G. Burnham. \$1. America and Europe: A Study of International Relations. 75c. Charles E. Brown & Co. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Hartford, Conn.: American Pub. Co. Charles Scribner's Sons. Armenia and Her People. Bibliographical. Part IX. Brookline Educational Society Year Book, 1895-96. Brookline, Mass.: Riverdale Press. Bunner, H. C. Jersey Street and Jersey Lane. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons. Clarke, George. Education of Children at Rome. 75c. Macmillan Co.

Cooper, James F. Red Rover. \$1.25. Devereux, Roy. The Ascent of Woman. \$1.25. Deuteronomy. Ed. by R. G. Moulton. 50c. Dickens, Charles. Stories from the Christmas Numbers. \$1. English Literary Criticism. \$1.50. Famham, Amos W. Oswego Normal Method of Teaching Geography. 50c. Fletcher, Banister F. A History of Architecture. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. Fuller, Anna. A Venetian June. \$1. Galt, John. The Provost: The Last of the Lairds. 2 vols. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons. Gregory, J. W. The Great Rift Valley. \$7.50. Charles Scribner's Sons. Grapho. Colonel Hungerford's Daughter. Charles H. Kerr & Co. Hutton, W. H. King and Baronage. 50c. Johnson's Lives of the Poets. Vol. II. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons. Land of Sunshine. Ed. by Charles F. Lumina. Vol. IV. Los Angeles, Cal.: Land of Sunshine Pub. Co. Lenak, W. Keith. Hugh Miller. 75c. Charles Scribner's Sons. Lipsitt, Caldwell. Where the Atlantic Meets the Land. \$1. Roberts Bros. Lyrical Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria. Ed. by O. Crawford. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons. Macpherson, H. A. Natural History of the Hare. \$1.75. Longmans, Green & Co. Milton, John. Poetical Works. \$1.50. F. Warne & Co. Poetical Sermons. Brooklyn, N. Y.: Wm. E. Davenport. Robertson, C. G. The Making of the English Nation. 50c. Charles Scribner's Sons. Salt, Henry S. Life of Henry David Thoreau. \$1. Sir John Vanbrugh. Ed. by A. E. H. Swann. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons. Steele, T. S. A Voyage to Viking-Land. \$2. Estes & Lauriat. Stories by English Authors: Italy, Africa. 2 vols. Each, 75c. Charles Scribner's Sons. Tennyson, Alfred. Idylls of the King. IV. and V. Macmillan Co. Tennyson, Alfred. Coming of Arthur. Ed. by W. J. Rolfe. 75c. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Uniform Questions in Drawing. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. Weston, Jessie L. Legends of the Wagner Drama. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons. Weber, Alfred. History of Philosophy. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons. Sir John Vanbrugh. Poems. Ed. by W. Knight. \$1.50. Macmillan Co. Woodward, R. Pitcher. Trains that Met in the Blizzard. Salmagundi Pub. Co.



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